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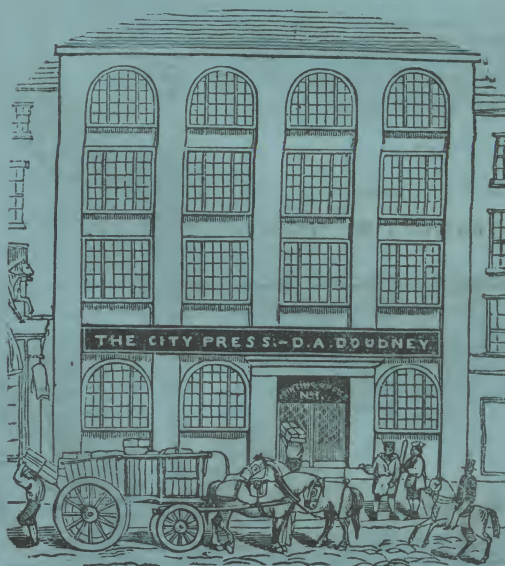
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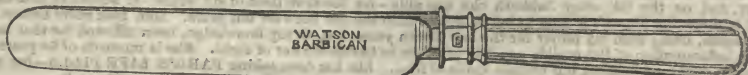
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SILVER SUPERSEDED, and those corrosive and injurious metals of Nickel and German Silver, supplanted by the introduction of a perfectly matchless ALBATA PLATE. C. WATSON, aided by a person in the amalgamation of Metals, has succeeded in bringing to Public notice the most beautiful Article ever yet offered; possessing all the richness of appearance—with all its durability and hardness—with its perfect use—undergoing as it does, a Chemical Process, by which, all that is mixed Metals is entirely extracted—resisting all Acids—may be clean and is Manufactured into every Article for the Table and Sideboard.

C. WATSON begs the Public to understand that this Metal is peculiar and that Silver is not more different from Gold, than his Metal is from the Public will therefore have no difficulty in discovering the animating the virulent attacks made against him, by a party who is daunted from the unparalleled success which has marked the progress of his

Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle	Threaded	Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle	Threaded
Table Spoons.....	16 6 doz.	1 1 0 doz.	1 10 0 doz.	Egg Spoons .....	7 0 doz.	15 0 Gilt	24 0
" Forks .....	16 6 "	1 1 0 "	1 10 0 "	Gravy " .....	3 6 ea.	4 6 ea.	7
Dessert Spoons.....	12 6 "	16 6 "	1 5 0 "	Sauce Ladles.....	1 9 "	2 3 "	3
" Forks .....	12 6 "	16 6 "	1 5 0 "	Soup " .....	6 6 "	8 0 "	11
Tea Spoons .....	5 6 "	8 0 "	13 6 "	Sugar Tongues.....	1 3 "	1 9 "	3
Salt Ditto .....	6 0 "	12 0 Gilt	18 0 gilt.	Fish Knives .....	5 6 "	8 6 "	12
Mustard Ditto ...	6 0 "	12 0 Gilt	13 6 "	Skewers .....	4d. in.		



Threaded Pattern Albata Plate Handle Table Knives, Steel Blades, 22s. 6d. per doz.—Desserts 18s. 6d. per doz.—Carvers 22s. 6d.

Three Papier Mache Tea Trays, full sizes, ornamented for 35s.—Patent Candle Lamps 9s. 6d.—Solar Lamps to burn Oil 22s. 6d.—Bronze Fenders 9s. 6d. Steel Fire Irons 4s. 6d. per set.—Ivory Handle Table Knives, rimmed Shoulders 3s. 6d. per doz. Desserts 9s. per doz. Carvers 4s. 6d. per pair.

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**IMPROVED ELASTIC GAITERS** for Ladies.—They require neither lacing nor buttoning, and are put on with the greatest facility. They fit close with particular neatness, without pressure, are made in silk, cashmere, and woollen, black and coloured, suitable for home, the carriage, promenade, or equestrian wear. Can be forwarded in a letter, from **POPE and PLANTE**, Manufacturers of every description of the best hosiery, 4, Waterloo-place, Pall-Mall.

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**PERRUQUIERS, PERFUMERS, HAIR CUTTERS, AND HAIR DYERS,**



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Most respectfully inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that they have invented or brought to the greatest state of perfection, the following leading articles, besides numerous others. Their **VENTILATING NATURAL-CURL LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S PERUKES**, either Crops or Full Dress, with Partings and Crowns, so natural as to defy detection, and with or without their improved *Metallic Springs*. **VENTILATING FRONTS, BANDEAUX, BORDERS, NATTES, BANDS A LA REINE**, &c. &c. Their **ATRAPILATORY or LIQUID HAIR DYE**, the only Dye that really answers for all colours, and never fades or acquires that unnatural red or purple tint, common to all other Dyes. Ladies or Gentlemen requiring it, are requested to have it done at their Establishment the first time, and to bring a friend or servant with them to see how it is used, which will enable them to do it afterwards, without the chance of failure.

Their Union and Eureka **HAIR BRUSHES**, which entirely supersede the Small-Tooth Comb, and being made of the stiffest unbleached bristles, are not softened by washing, and will last for years.

Likewise their **TOOTH BRUSHES** made on the same principle, of unbleached Hair, and so well secured as never to come loose in the mouth.

Their **BOTANIC WATER**, for cleansing, strengthening, and promoting the growth and curl of the Hair; the most agreeable wash ever invented, and very conducive to health.

**BEAR'S GREASE**, warranted genuine, as they slaughter the animals after fattening them on bread, which renders their grease more nutritious, and purer than by any other method.

**PERFUMES** of all kinds, the French imported from their Establishment at Grasse, in the South of France; superior to anything to be obtained in Paris. **SOAPS**, the largest variety of any House in the World, including all the most *Recherché* Flavours.

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**SINGULAR CASES OF**



**RECOVERY OF HAIR,**

**AFTER 18, 25, & 26 YEARS' LOSS.**

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To Messrs. **ROWLAND AND SON**, 20, HATTON-GARDEN, LONDON.

Hummums Hotel, Covent-Garden, GENTLEMEN, February 26, 1862.

In announcing to you the following corroboration of the efficacy of your **MACASSAR OIL**, if by your making it public it will be of any service, I shall consider myself but returning in a very small degree the great obligation I feel I lie under to you, and shall be most happy during my stay in London to satisfy any Gentleman who may feel interested in the truth of the following:—In the year 1776 I went to India, and shortly after my arrival there my hair fell off in considerable quantities, so that I soon became entirely bald; in which state I remained until my arrival last year in America, and at Boston was induced, by reading one of your Advertisements, to make trial of your **MACASSAR OIL**, though I confess with but little hope of success. After the use of one bottle, I found my hitherto bald head covered with a sort of down. Continuing the use of the Oil, much to my surprise and gratification, I have now the pleasure to inform you, without exaggeration or vanity, that I can boast of as fine a head of hair as any one need to have.

I am, Gentlemen, your grateful Servant,  
**A. MACKENZIE.**

*Extract of a Letter directed to Mr. Oldroyd, Merchant, of London, from a friend at Naples, dated May 6, 1823.*

"I must turn your attention to the following:—Capt. Kranshair, of the 4th Regt. of Line, in the service of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria, aged 44 years, has been bald ever since the age of 18.—He was recommended to try 'ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,' by a Gentleman who had already experienced its good effects; he bought some of me of the last quantity I received from England, and persevered in applying it.—In less than two months his hair grew on the bald parts, and is now very thick. The Captain is highly pleased, and has spread its fame. I assure you, the demand for that article is very great, and must beg you to send me a fresh supply without loss of time."

**GENTLEMEN**.—Having derived essential benefit from the use of your **MACASSAR OIL**, I am induced to send you the particulars, which you are at liberty to make known as you may think proper. Rather more than twelve months since, I made trial of the Oil; though I confess with not much faith, as I had been bald eighteen years. It was near three months before any effect was perceptible, when a slight down appeared; at the expiration of five months hair had grown on the bald part full half an inch long. I then had the whole of my head regularly shaved once a week for a considerable period, constantly using the Oil, night and morning; the result is, that I have this day discarded my wig, my hair being quite restored, and as strong and great in quantity as when I was twenty years of age.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,  
**C. P. DRIFFIELD.**

**32, Broad Street, Brighton, April 19, 1832.**

**ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL**

*Prevents hair from falling off or turning Grey; Changes Grey Hair to its Original Colour; frees it from Scurf and Dandruff, and makes it beautifully soft and curly.*

Ask for "**ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL**," and see that those words are on the wrapper, as much pernicious trash is now offered for sale as "**MACASSAR OIL**."—Price 3s. 6d.; 7s.; Family Bottles, (equal to four small,) 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s. per bottle.

Sold by them, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

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9d. per lb.

NOTWITHSTANDING the patronage bestowed upon Chicorée by the Gentry and higher classes, continually acquired tastes invariably approve of its admixture with Coffee—and in defiance of more important fact of the Faculty having borne testimony to its pleasant and wholesome quality, certain Coffee dealers have loudly railed at the root, denouncing it as a baneful and deleterious drink, is worthy of remark, however, that these disinterested dealers ordinarily recommend *their* Coffee on ground state, and condemn the practice of families using their own mills, intimating that such machines are continually getting out of repair, thereby occasioning inconvenience and expense, moreover wholly unnecessary, as *ground* Coffee, forsooth, retains its aroma as long, perhaps longer, does the berry itself! an opinion, by the way, peculiar to these sapient worthies. The grand objection these detesters of Chicorée is, figuratively speaking, to keep it in the *background*; and therefore wanting those who are uncharitable enough to insinuate that a diligent search of their premises furnish a literal demonstration of the fact, and a proof that their aversion to the root is confined to the beverage.

Those who admit the superiority of the French mode of preparing this delightful and invigorating beverage, are recommended to use a  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Chicorée to 1 lb. Coffee, when they will discover the change by which our continental neighbours have acquired such pre-eminence in this art. These judicious portions are not attended to by dealers who use Chicorée merely as an adulteration.

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All recommended in the Berry.

BLACK TEAS of low price and quality (being dearer than any other kind) neither recommended

STRONG CONGOU . . . . . 4s. 0d.

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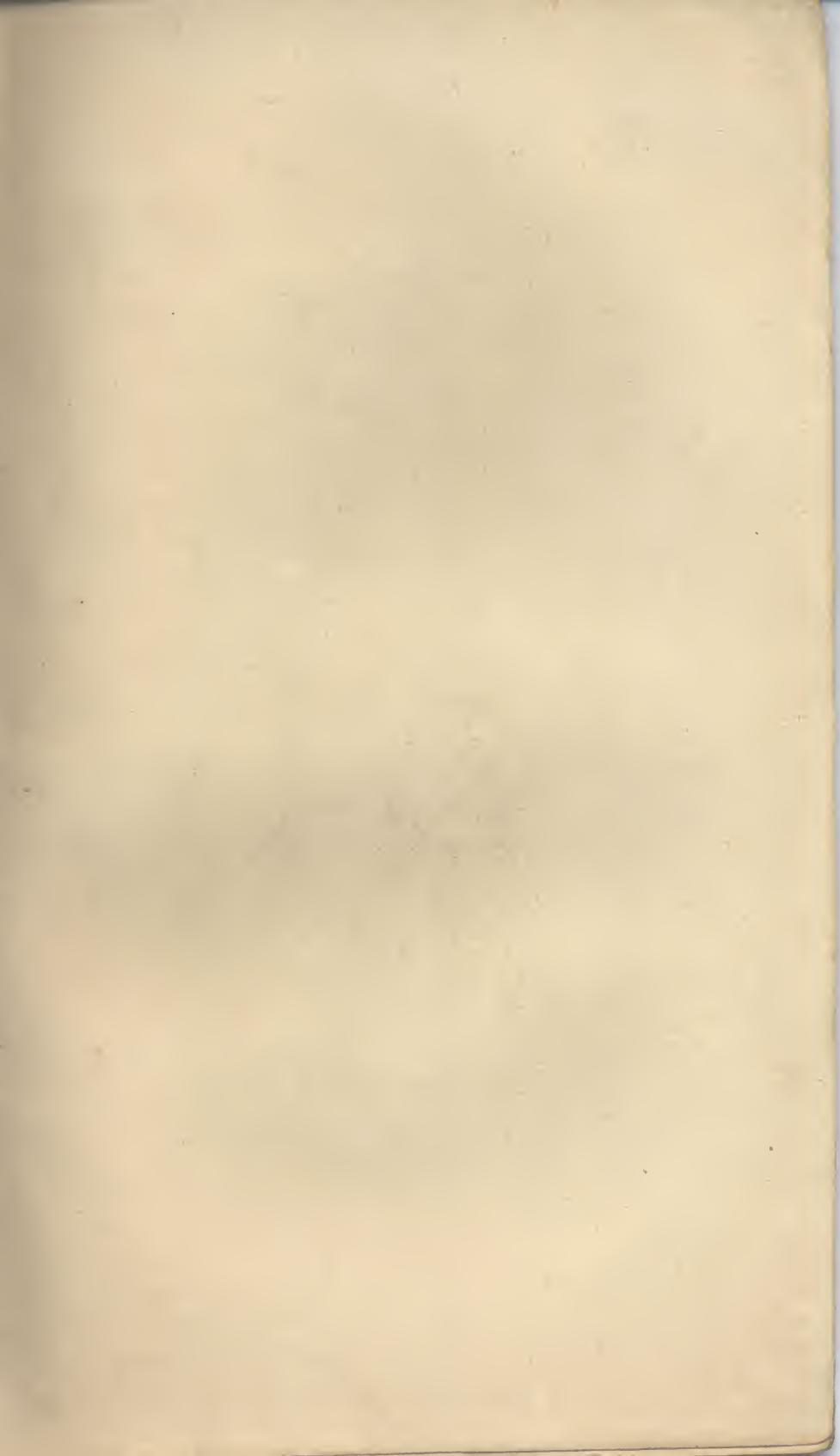
**The Assam Mixture . . . . .**

J. H. TIBBS

294, OXFORD STREET, L.

*Country Orders promptly attended to, and carefully packed.*







*Mr. Topley acts Third Party with great discretion*







*Martin meets an acquaintance at the house of a mutual relation*



## CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWING, WHAT BECAME OF MARTIN AND HIS DESPERATE RESOLVE, AFTER HE LEFT MR. PECKSNIFF'S HOUSE; WHAT PERSONS HE ENCOUNTERED; WHAT ANXIETIES HE SUFFERED; AND WHAT NEWS HE HEARD.

CARRYING Tom Pinch's book quite unconsciously under his arm, and not even buttoning his coat as a protection against the heavy rain, Martin went doggedly forward at the same quick pace, until he had passed the finger-post, and was on the high road to London. He slackened very little in his speed even then, but he began to think, and look about him, and to disengage his senses from the coil of angry passions which hitherto had held them prisoner.

It must be confessed that at that moment he had no very agreeable employment either for his moral or his physical perceptions. The day was dawning from a patch of watery light in the east, and sullen clouds came driving up before it, from which the rain descended in a thick, wet mist. It streamed from every twig and bramble in the hedge; made little gullies in the path; ran down a hundred channels in the road; and punched innumerable holes into the face of every pond and gutter. It fell with an oozy, slushy sound among the grass; and made a muddy kennel of every furrow in the ploughed fields. No living creature was anywhere to be seen. The prospect could hardly have been more desolate if animated nature had been dissolved in water, and poured down upon the earth again in that form.

The range of view within the solitary traveller, was quite as cheerless as the scene without. Friendless and penniless; incensed to the last degree; deeply wounded in his pride and self-love; full of independent schemes; and perfectly destitute of any means of realizing them; his most vindictive enemy might have been satisfied with the extent of his troubles. To add to his other miseries, he was by this time sensible of being wet to the skin, and cold at his very heart.

In this deplorable condition, he remembered Mr. Pinch's book; more because it was rather troublesome to carry, than from any hope of being comforted by that parting-gift. He looked at the dingy lettering on the back, and finding it to be an odd volume of the "Bachelor of Salamanca," in the French tongue, cursed Tom Pinch's folly, twenty times. He was on the point of throwing it away, in his ill-humour and vexation, when he bethought himself that Tom had referred him to a leaf, turned down; and opening it, at that place, that he might have additional cause of complaint against him for supposing that any cold scrap of the Bachelor's wisdom could cheer him in such circumstances, found—

Well, well! not much, but Tom's all. The half-sovereign. He had wrapped it hastily in a piece of paper, and pinned it to the leaf. These

words were scrawled in pencil on the inside : " I don't want it, indeed, I should not know what to do with it, if I had it."

There are some falsehoods, Tom, on which men mount, as on bright wings, towards Heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which bind men down to earth with leaden chains. Who would not rather have to fan him, in his dying hour, the lightest feather of a falsehood such as thine, than all the quills that have been plucked from the sharp porcupine, reproachful truth, since time began !

Martin felt keenly for himself, and he felt this good deed of Tom's keenly. After a few minutes it had the effect of raising his spirits, and reminding him that he was not altogether destitute, as he had left a fair stock of clothes behind him, and wore a gold hunting-watch in his pocket. He found a curious gratification, too, in thinking what a winning fellow he must be to have made such an impression on Tom ; and in reflecting how superior he was to Tom ; and how much more likely to make his way in the world. Animated by these thoughts, and strengthened in his design of endeavouring to push his fortune in another country, he resolved to get to London as a rallying-point, in the best way he could ; and to lose no time about it.

He was ten good miles from the village made illustrious by being the abiding-place of Mr. Pecksniff, when he stopped to breakfast at a little road-side alehouse ; and resting upon a high-backed settle before the fire, pulled off his coat, and hung it before the cheerful blaze, to dry. It was a very different place from the last tavern in which he had regaled : boasting no greater extent of accommodation than the brick-floored kitchen yielded : but the mind so soon accommodates itself to the necessities of the body, that this poor waggoner's house-of-call, which he would have despised yesterday, became now quite a choice hotel ; while his dish of eggs and bacon, and his mug of beer, were not by any means the coarse fare he had supposed, but fully bore out the inscription on the window-shutter, which proclaimed those viands to be " Good entertainment for Travellers."

He pushed away his empty plate ; and with a second mug upon the hearth before him, looked thoughtfully at the fire until his eyes ached. Then he looked at the highly-coloured scripture pieces on the walls, in little black frames like common shaving-glasses, and saw how the Wise Men (with a strong family likeness among them) worshipped in a pink manger ; and how the Prodigal Son came home in red rags to a purple father, and already feasted his imagination on a sea-green calf. Then he glanced through the window at the falling rain, coming down aslant upon the signpost over against the house, and overflowing the horse-trough ; and then he looked at the fire again, and seemed to descrie a doubly-distant London, retreating among the fragments of the burning wood.

He had repeated this process in just the same order, many times, as if it were a matter of necessity, when the sound of wheels called his attention to the window, out of its regular turn ; and there he beheld a kind of light van drawn by four horses, and laden, as well as he could



see (for it was covered in), with corn and straw. The driver, who was alone, stopped at the door to water his team, and presently came stamping and shaking the wet off his hat and coat, into the room where Martin sat.

He was a red-faced burly young fellow ; smart in his way, and with a good-humoured countenance. As he advanced towards the fire, he touched his shining forehead with the forefinger of his stiff leather glove, by way of salutation ; and said (rather unnecessarily) that it was an uncommon wet day.

"Very wet," said Martin.

"I don't know as ever I see a wetter."

"I never felt one," said Martin.

The driver glanced at Martin's soiled dress, and his damp shirt-sleeves, and his coat hung up to dry ; and said, after a pause, as he warmed his hands :

"You have been caught in it, sir ?"

"Yes," was the short reply.

"Out riding, maybe ?" said the driver.

"I should have been if I owned a horse ; but I don't," returned Martin.

"That's bad," said the driver.

"And may be worse," said Martin.

Now, the driver said "That's bad," not so much because Martin didn't own a horse, as because he said he didn't with all the reckless desperation of his mood and circumstances, and so left a great deal to be inferred. Martin put his hands in his pockets and whistled, when he had retorted on the driver : thus giving him to understand that he didn't care a pin for Fortune ; that he was above pretending to be her favourite when he was not ; and that he snapped his fingers at her, the driver, and everybody else.

The driver looked at him stealthily for a minute or so ; and in the pauses of his warning, whistled too. At length he asked, as he pointed his thumb towards the road,

"Up or down ?"

"Which is up ?" said Martin.

"London, of course," said the driver.

"Up then," said Martin. He tossed his head in a careless manner afterwards, as if he would have added, "Now you know all about it ;" put his hands deeper into his pockets ; changed his tune, and whistled a little louder.

"I'm going up," observed the driver ; "Hounslow, ten miles this side London."

"Are you ?" cried Martin, stopping short and looking at him.

The driver sprinkled the fire with his wet hat until it hissed again, and answered, 'Ay ; to be sure he was.'

"Why, then," said Martin, "I'll be plain with you. You may suppose from my dress that I have money to spare. I have not. All I can afford for coach-hire is a crown, for I have but two. If you can take me for that, and my waistcoat, or this silk handkerchief, do. If you can't, leave it alone."

"Short and sweet," remarked the driver.

"You want more?" said Martin. "Then I haven't got more, and I can't get it, so there's an end of that." Whereupon he began to whistle again.

"I didn't say I wanted more, did I?" asked the driver, with something like indignation.

"You didn't say my offer was enough," rejoined Martin.

"Why how could I, when you wouldn't let me? In regard to the waistcoat, I wouldn't have a man's waistcoat, much less a gentleman's waistcoat, on my mind, for no consideration; but the silk handkerchief's another thing; and if you was satisfied when we got to Hounslow, I shouldn't object to that as a gift."

"Is it a bargain, then?" said Martin.

"Yes, it is," returned the other.

"Then finish this beer," said Martin, handing him the mug, and pulling on his coat with great alacrity; "and let us be off as soon as you like."

In two minutes more he had paid his bill, which amounted to a shilling; was lying at full length on a truss of straw, high and dry at the top of the van, with the tilt a little open in front for the convenience of talking to his new friend; and was moving along in the right direction with a most satisfactory and encouraging briskness.

The driver's name, as he soon informed Martin, was William Simmons, better known as Bill; and his spruce appearance was sufficiently explained by his connexion with a large stage-coaching establishment at Hounslow, whither he was conveying his load from a farm belonging to the concern in Wiltshire. He was frequently up and down the road on such errands, he said, and to look after the sick and rest horses, of which animals he had much to relate that occupied a long time in the telling. He aspired to the dignity of the regular box, and expected an appointment on the first vacancy. He was musical besides, and had a little key-bugle in his pocket, on which, whenever the conversation flagged, he played the first part of a great many tunes, and regularly broke down in the second.

"Ah!" said Bill, with a sigh, as he drew the back of his hand across his lips, and put this instrument in his pocket, after screwing off the mouthpiece to drain it; "Lummy Ned of the Light Salisbury, he was the one for musical talents. He *was* a guard. What you may call a Guardian Angel, was Ned."

"Is he dead?" asked Martin.

"Dead!" replied the other, with a contemptuous emphasis. "Not he. You won't catch Ned a dying easy. No, no. He knows better than that."

"You spoke of him in the past tense," observed Martin, "so I supposed he was no more."

"He's no more in England," said Bill, "if that's what you mean. He went to the U-nited States."

"Did he?" asked Martin, with sudden interest. "When?"

"Five year ago, or thenabout," said Bill. "He had set up in the



public line here, and couldn't meet his engagements, so he cut off to Liverpool one day without saying anything about it, and went and shipped himself for the U-nited States."

"Well?" said Martin.

"Well! as he landed there without a penny to bless himself with, of course they was very glad to see him in the U-nited States."

"What do you mean?" asked Martin, with some scorn.

"What do I mean?" said Bill. "Why, *that*. All men are alike in the U-nited States, an't they? It makes no odds whether a man has a thousand pounds, or nothing, there—particular in New York, I'm told, where Ned landed."

"New York, was it?" asked Martin thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Bill. "New York. I know that, because he sent word home that it brought Old York to his mind quite vivid in consequence of being so exactly unlike it in every respect. I don't understand wot particular business Ned turned his mind to, when he got there; but he wrote home that him and his friends was always a singing, Ale Columbia, and blowing up the President, so I suppose it was something in the public line, or free-and-easy way, again. Any how, he made his fortune."

"No!" cried Martin.

"Yes he did," said Bill. "I know that, because he lost it all the day after, in six-and-twenty banks as broke. He settled a lot of the notes on his father, when it was ascertained that they was really stopped, and sent 'em over with a dutiful letter. I know that, because they was shown down our yard for the old gentleman's benefit, that he might treat himself with tobacco in the workus."

"He was a foolish fellow not to take care of his money when he had it," said Martin, indignantly.

"There you're right," said Bill, "especially as it was all in paper, and he might have took care of it so very easy, by folding it up in a small parcel."

Martin said nothing in reply, but soon afterwards fell asleep, and remained so for an hour or more. When he awoke, finding it had ceased to rain, he took his seat beside the driver, and asked him several questions,—as how long had the fortunate guard of the Light Salisbury been in crossing the Atlantic; at what time of the year had he sailed; what was the name of the ship in which he made the voyage; how much had he paid for passage-money; did he suffer greatly from sea-sickness? and so forth. But on these points of detail, his friend was possessed of little or no information; either answering obviously at random, or acknowledging that he had never heard, or had forgotten; nor, although he returned to the charge very often, could he obtain any useful intelligence on these essential particulars.

They jogged on all day, and stopped so often—now to refresh, now to change their team of horses, now to exchange or bring away a set of harness, now on one point of business, and now upon another, connected with the coaching on that line of road—that it was midnight when they reached Hounslow. A little short of the stables for which the van was bound, Martin got down, paid his crown, and forced his silk

handkerchief upon his honest friend, notwithstanding the many protestations that he didn't wish to deprive him of it, with which he tried to give the lie to his longing looks. That done, they parted company ; and when the van had driven into its own yard, and the gates were closed, Martin stood in the dark street, with a pretty strong sense of being shut out, alone, upon the dreary world, without the key of it.

But in this moment of despondency, and often afterwards, the recollection of Mr. Pecksniff operated as a cordial to him ; awakening in his breast an indignation that was very wholesome in nerving him to obstinate endurance. Under the influence of this fiery dram, he started off for London without more ado ; and arriving there in the middle of the night, and not knowing where to find a tavern open, was fain to stroll about the streets and market-places until morning.

He found himself, about an hour before dawn, in the humbler regions of the Adelphi ; and addressing himself to a man in a fur-cap who was taking down the shutters of an obscure public-house, informed him that he was a stranger, and inquired if he could have a bed there. It happened, by good luck, that he could. Though none of the gaudiest, it was tolerably clean, and Martin felt very glad and grateful when he crept into it, for warmth, rest, and forgetfulness.

It was quite late in the afternoon when he awoke ; and by the time he had washed, and dressed, and broken his fast, it was growing dusk again. This was all the better, for it was now a matter of absolute necessity that he should part with his watch to some obliging pawnbroker ; and he would have waited until after dark for this purpose, though it had been the longest day in the year, and he had begun it without a breakfast.

He passed more Golden Balls than all the jugglers in Europe have juggled with, in the course of their united performances, before he could determine in favour of any particular shop where those symbols were displayed. In the end, he came back to one of the first he had seen, and entering by a side-door in a court, where the three balls, with the legend "Money Lent," were repeated in a ghastly transparency, passed into one of a series of little closets, or private boxes, erected for the accommodation of the more bashful and uninitiated customers. He bolted himself in ; pulled out his watch ; and laid it on the counter.

"Upon my life and soul !" said a low voice in the next box to the shopman who was in treaty with him, "you must make it more : you must make it a trifle more, you must indeed ! You must dispense with one half-quarter of an ounce in weighing out your pound of flesh, my best of friends, and make it two-and-six."

Martin drew back involuntarily, for he knew the voice at once.

"You're always full of your chaff," said the shopman, rolling up the article (which looked like a shirt) quite as a matter of course, and nibbling his pen upon the counter.

"I shall never be full of my wheat," said Mr. Tigg, "as long as I come here. Ha, ha ! Not bad ! Make it two-and-six, my dear friend, positively for this occasion only. Half-a-crown is a delightful coin—Two-and-six ! Going at two-and-six ! For the last time, at two-and-six !"



"It'll never be the last time till it's quite worn out," rejoined the shopman. "It's grown yellow in the service, as it is."

"Its master has grown yellow in the service, if you mean that, my friend," said Mr. Tigg; "in the patriotic service of an ungrateful country. You are making it two-and-six, I think?"

"I'm making it," returned the shopman, "what it always has been—two shillings. Same name as usual, I suppose?"

"Still the same name," said Mr. Tigg; "my claim to the dormant peerage not being yet established by the House of Lords."

"The old address?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Tigg; "I have removed my town establishment from thirty-eight, Mayfair, to number fifteen-hundred-and-forty-two, Park-lane."

"Come, I'm not going to put down that, you know," said the shopman, with a grin.

"You may put down what you please, my friend," quoth Mr. Tigg. "The fact is still the same. The apartments for the under-butler and the fifth footman being of a most confounded low and vulgar kind at thirty-eight, Mayfair, I have been compelled, in my regard for the feelings which do them so much honour, to take on lease, for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, renewable at the option of the tenant, the elegant and commodious family mansion, number fifteen-hundred-and-forty-two, Park-lane. Make it two-and-six, and come and see me!"

The shopman was so highly entertained by this piece of humour, that Mr. Tigg himself could not repress some little show of exultation. It vented itself, in part, in a desire to see how the occupant of the next box received his pleasantry; to ascertain which, he glanced round the partition, and immediately, by the gaslight, recognised Martin.

"I wish I may die," said Mr. Tigg, stretching out his body so far that his head was as much in Martin's little cell as Martin's own head was, "but this is one of the most tremendous meetings in Ancient or Modern History! How are you? What is the news from the agricultural districts? How are our friends the P.'s? Ha, ha! David, pay particular attention to this gentleman, immediately, as a friend of mine, I beg."

"Here! Please to give me the most you can for this," said Martin, handing the watch to the shopman, "I want money sorely."

"He wants money sorely!" cried Mr. Tigg with excessive sympathy. "David, you will have the goodness to do your very utmost for my friend, who wants money sorely. You will deal with my friend as if he were myself. A gold hunting-watch, David, engine-turned, capped and jewelled in four holes, escape movement, horizontal lever, and warranted to perform correctly, upon my personal reputation, who have observed it narrowly for many years, under the most trying circumstances—" here he winked at Martin, that he might understand this recommendation would have an immense effect upon the shopman: "what do you say, David, to my friend? Be very particular to deserve my custom and recommendation, David."

"I can lend you three pound on this, if you like," said the shopman to Martin, confidentially. "It's very old-fashioned. I couldn't say more."

"And devilish handsome, too," cried Mr. Tigg. "Two-twelve-six for the watch, and seven-and-six for personal regard. I am gratified: it may be weakness, but I am. Three pound will do. We take it. The name of my friend is Smivey: Chicken Smivey, of Holborn, twenty-six-and-a-half B: lodger." Here he winked at Martin again, to apprise him that all the forms and ceremonies prescribed by law were now complied with, and nothing remained but the receipt of the money.

In point of fact, this proved to be the case, for Martin, who had no resource but to take what was offered him, signified his acquiescence by a nod of his head, and presently came out with the cash in his pocket. He was joined in the entry by Mr. Tigg, who warmly congratulated him, as he took his arm and accompanied him into the street, on the successful issue of the negociation.

"As for my part in the same," said Mr. Tigg, "don't mention it. Don't compliment me, for I can't bear it!"

"I have no such intention, I assure you," retorted Martin, releasing his arm, and stopping.

"You oblige me very much," said Mr. Tigg. "Thank you."

"Now, sir," observed Martin, biting his lip, "this is a large town, and we can easily find different ways in it. If you will show me which is your way, I will take another."

Mr. Tigg was about to speak, but Martin interposed:

"I need scarcely tell you, after what you have just seen, that I have nothing to bestow upon your friend, Mr. Slyme. And it is quite as unnecessary for me to tell you that I don't desire the honour of your company."

"Stop!" cried Mr. Tigg, holding out his hand. "Hold! There is a most remarkably long-headed, flowing-bearded, and patriarchal proverb, which observes that it is the duty of a man to be just before he is generous. Be just now, and you can be generous presently. Do not confuse me with the man Slyme. Do not distinguish the man Slyme as a friend of mine, for he is no such thing. I have been compelled, sir, to abandon the party whom you call Slyme. I have no knowledge of the party whom you call Slyme. I am, sir," said Mr. Tigg, striking himself upon the breast, "a premium tulip, of a very different growth and cultivation from the cabbage Slyme, sir."

"It matters very little to me," said Martin coolly, "whether you have set up as a vagabond on your own account, or are still trading on behalf of Mr. Slyme. I wish to hold no correspondence with you. In the devil's name, man," said Martin, scarcely able despite his vexation to repress a smile, as Mr. Tigg stood leaning his back against the shutters of a shop window, adjusting his hair with great composure, "will you go one way or other?"

"You will allow me to remind you, sir," said Mr. Tigg, with sudden dignity, "that you—not I—that you—I say emphatically, *you*—have reduced the proceedings of this evening to a cold and distant matter of business, when I was disposed to place them on a friendly footing. It being made a matter of business, sir, I beg to say that I expect a trifle (which I shall bestow in Charity) as commission upon the pecuniary



advance, in which I have rendered you my humble services. After the terms in which you have addressed me, sir," concluded Mr. Tigg, "you will not insult me, if you please, by offering more than half-a-crown."

Martin drew that piece of money from his pocket, and tossed it towards him. Mr. Tigg caught it, looked at it to assure himself of its goodness, spun it in the air after the manner of a pieman, and buttoned it up. Finally, he raised his hat an inch or two from his head, with a military air, and, after pausing a moment with deep gravity, as to decide in which direction he should go, and to what Earl or Marquis among his friends he should give the preference in his next call, stuck his hands in his skirt-pockets and swaggered round the corner. Martin took the directly opposite course; and so, to his great content, they parted company.

It was with a bitter sense of humiliation that he cursed, again and again, the mischance of having encountered this man in the pawnbroker's shop. The only comfort he had in the recollection was, Mr. Tigg's voluntary avowal of a separation between himself and Slyme, that would at least prevent his circumstances (so Martin argued) from being known to any member of his family, the bare possibility of which filled him with shame and wounded pride. Abstractedly, there was greater reason, perhaps, for supposing any declaration of Mr. Tigg's to be false, than for attaching the least credence to it; but remembering the terms on which the intimacy between that gentleman and his bosom friend had subsisted, and the strong probability of Mr. Tigg's having established an independent business of his own on Mr. Slyme's connexion, it had a reasonable appearance of probability: at all events, Martin hoped so; and that went a long way.

His first step, now that he had a supply of ready money for his present necessities, was, to retain his bed at the public-house until further notice, and to write a formal note to Tom Pinch (for he knew Pecksniff would see it) requesting to have his clothes forwarded to London by coach, with a direction to be left at the office until called for. These measures taken, he passed the interval before the box arrived—three days—in making inquiries relative to American vessels, at the offices of various shipping-agents in the city; and in lingering about the docks and wharves, with the faint hope of stumbling upon some engagement for the voyage, as clerk or supercargo, or custodian of something or somebody, which would enable him to procure a free passage. But finding soon that no such means of employment were likely to present themselves, and dreading the consequences of delay, he drew up a short advertisement, stating what he wanted, and inserted it in the leading newspapers. Pending the receipt of the twenty or thirty answers which he vaguely expected, he reduced his wardrobe to the narrowest limits consistent with decent respectability, and carried the overplus at different times to the pawnbroker's shop, for conversion into money.

And it was strange, very strange, even to himself, to find, how by quick though almost imperceptible degrees he lost his delicacy and self-respect, and gradually came to do that as a matter of course, without the least compunction, which but a few short days before had galled

him to the quick. The first time he visited the pawnbroker's, he felt on his way there as if every person whom he passed suspected whither he was going ; and on his way back again, as if the whole human tide he stemmed, knew well where he had come from. When did he care to think of their discernment now ! In his first wanderings up and down the weary streets, he counterfeited the walk of one who had an object in his view ; but soon there came upon him the sauntering, slipshod gait of listless idleness, and the lounging at street-corners, and plucking and biting of stray bits of straw, and strolling up and down the same place, and looking into the same shop-windows, with a miserable indifference, fifty times a day. At first, he came out from his lodging with an uneasy sense of being observed—even by those chance passers-by, on whom he had never looked before, and hundreds to one would never see again—issuing in the morning from a public-house ; but now, in his comings-out and goings-in he did not mind to lounge about the door, or to stand sunning himself in careless thought beside the wooden stem, studded from head to heel with pegs, on which the beer-pots dangled like so many boughs upon a pewter tree. And yet it took but five weeks to reach the lowest round of this tall ladder !

Oh, moralists, who treat of happiness and self-respect, innate in every sphere of life, and shedding light on every grain of dust in God's highway, so smooth below your carriage-wheels, so rough beneath the tread of naked feet,—bethink yourselves in looking on the swift descent of men who *have* lived in their own esteem, that there are scores of thousands breathing now, and breathing thick with painful toil, who in that high respect have never lived at all, or had a chance of life ! Go ye, who rest so placidly upon the sacred Bard who had been young, and when he strung his harp was old, and had never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread ; go, Teachers of content and honest pride, into the mine, the mill, the forge, the squalid depths of deepest ignorance, and uttermost abyss of man's neglect, and say can any hopeful plant spring up in air so foul that it extinguishes the soul's bright torch as fast as it is kindled ! And, oh ! ye Pharisees of the nineteen hundredth year of Christian Knowledge, who soundingly appeal to human nature, see that it be human first. Take heed it has not been transformed, during your slumber and the sleep of generations, into the nature of the Beasts !

Five weeks ! Of all the twenty or thirty answers, not one had come. His money—even the additional stock he had raised from the disposal of his spare clothes (and that was not much, for clothes, though dear to buy, are cheap to pawn)—was fast diminishing. Yet what could he do ? At times an agony came over him in which he darted forth again, though he was but newly home, and, returning to some place where he had been already twenty times, made some new attempt to gain his end, but always unsuccessfully. He was years and years too old for a cabin-boy, and years upon years too inexperienced to be accepted as a common seaman. His dress and manner, too, militated fatally against any such proposal as the latter ; and yet he was reduced to making it ; for even if he could have contemplated the being set down in America,



totally without money, he had not enough left now for a steerage passage and the poorest provisions upon the voyage.

It is an illustration of a very common tendency in the mind of man, that all this time he never once doubted, one may almost say the certainty of doing great things in the New World, if he could only get there. In proportion as he became more and more dejected by his present circumstances, and the means of gaining America receded from his grasp, the more he fretted himself with the conviction that that was the only place in which he could hope to achieve any high end, and worried his brain with the thought that men going there in the meanwhile might anticipate him in the attainment of those objects which were dearest to his heart. He often thought of John Westlock, and besides looking out for him on all occasions, actually walked about London for three days together, for the express purpose of meeting with him. But, although he failed in this ; and although he would not have scrupled to borrow money of him ; and although he believed that John would have lent it ; yet still he could not bring his mind to write to Pinch and inquire where he was to be found. For although, as we have seen, he was fond of Tom after his own fashion, he could not endure the thought (feeling so superior to Tom) of making him the stepping-stone to his fortune, or being anything to him but a patron ; and his pride so revolted from the idea, that it restrained him, even now.

It might have yielded, however ; and no doubt must have yielded soon, but for a very strange and unlooked-for occurrence.

The five weeks had quite run out, and he was in a truly desperate plight, when one evening, having just returned to his lodging, and being in the act of lighting his candle at the gas jet in the bar before stalking moodily up stairs to his own room, his landlord called him by his name. Now, as he had never told it to the man, but had scrupulously kept it to himself, he was not a little startled by this ; and so plainly showed his agitation, that the landlord, to reassure him, said "it was only a letter."

"A letter !" cried Martin.

"For Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit," said the landlord, reading the superscription of one he held in his hand. "Noon. Chief Office. Paid."

Martin took it from him, thanked him, and walked up stairs. It was not sealed, but pasted close ; the handwriting was quite unknown to him. He opened it, and found enclosed, without any name, address, or other inscription or explanation of any kind whatever, a Bank of England note for Twenty Pounds.

To say that he was perfectly stunned with astonishment and delight ; that he looked again and again at the note and the wrapper ; that he hurried below stairs to make quite certain that the note was a good note ; and then hurried up again to satisfy himself for the fiftieth time that he had not overlooked some scrap of writing on the wrapper ; that he exhausted and bewildered himself with conjectures ; and could make nothing of it but that there the note was, and he was suddenly enriched ; would be only to relate so many matters of course, to no purpose. The

final upshot of the business at that time was, that he resolved to treat himself to a comfortable but frugal meal in his own chamber ; and having ordered a fire to be kindled, went out to purchase it forthwith.

He bought some cold beef, and ham, and French bread, and butter, and came back with his pockets pretty heavily laden. It was somewhat of a damping circumstance to find the room full of smoke, which was attributable to two causes : firstly, to the flue being naturally vicious and a smoker ; and secondly, to their having forgotten, in lighting the fire, an odd sack or two and some other trifles, which had been put up the chimney to keep the rain out. They had already remedied this oversight, however ; and propped up the window-sash with a bundle of firewood to keep it open ; so that, except in being rather inflammatory to the eyes and choking to the lungs, the apartment was quite comfortable.

Martin was in no vein to quarrel with it, if it had been in less tolerable order, especially when a gleaming pint of porter was set upon the table, and the servant-girl withdrew, bearing with her particular instructions relative to the production of something hot, when he should ring the bell. The cold meat being wrapped in a play-bill, Martin laid the cloth by spreading that document on the little round table with the print downwards ; and arranging the collation upon it. The foot of the bed, which was very close to the fire, answered for a sideboard ; and when he had completed these preparations, he squeezed an old arm-chair into the warmest corner, and sat down to enjoy himself.

He had begun to eat with a great appetite, glancing round the room meanwhile with a triumphant anticipation of quitting it for ever on the morrow, when his attention was arrested by a stealthy footstep on the stairs, and presently by a knock at his chamber door, which although it was a gentle knock enough, communicated such a start to the bundle of firewood that it instantly leaped out of window, and plunged into the street.

"More coals, I suppose," said Martin. "Come in!"

"It an't a liberty, sir, though it seems so," rejoined a man's voice. "Your servant, sir. Hope you're pretty well, sir."

Martin stared at the face that was bowing in the doorway : perfectly remembering the features and expression, but quite forgetting to whom they belonged.

"Tapley, sir," said his visitor. "Him as formerly lived at the Dragon, sir, and was forced to leave in consequence of a want of jollity, sir."

"To be sure!" cried Martin. "Why, how did you come here?"

"Right through the passage and up the stairs, sir," said Mark.

"How did you find me out, I mean?" asked Martin.

"Why, sir," said Mark, "I've passed you once or twice in the street if I'm not mistaken ; and when I was a looking in at the beef-and-ham shop just now, along with a hungry sweep, as was very much calculated to make a man jolly, sir—I see you a buying that."

Martin reddened as he pointed to the table, and said, somewhat hastily :

"Well ! what then ?"



"Why then, sir," said Mark, "I made bold to foller; and as I told 'em down stairs that you expected me, I was let up."

"Are you charged with any message, that you told them you were expected?" inquired Martin.

"No, sir, I a'nt," said Mark. "That was what you may call a pious fraud, sir, that was."

Martin cast an angry look at him: but there was something in the fellow's merry face, and in his manner—which with all its cheerfulness was far from being obtrusive or familiar—that quite disarmed him. He had lived a solitary life too, for many weeks, and the voice was pleasant in his ear.

"Tapley," he said, "I'll deal openly with you. From all I can judge, and from all I have heard of you through Pinch, you are not a likely kind of fellow to have been brought here by impertinent curiosity or any other offensive motive. Sit down. I'm glad to see you."

"Thankee, sir," said Mark. "I'd as lieve stand."

"If you don't sit down," retorted Martin, "I'll not talk to you."

"Very good, sir," observed Mark. "Your will's a law, sir. Down it is;" and he sat down accordingly, upon the bedstead.

"Help yourself," said Martin, handing him the only knife.

"Thankee, sir," rejoined Mark. "After you've done."

"If you don't take it now, you'll not have any," said Martin.

"Very good, sir," rejoined Mark. "That being your desire—now it is." With which reply he gravely helped himself, and went on eating. Martin having done the like for a short time in silence, said abruptly:

"What are you doing in London?"

"Nothing at all, sir," rejoined Mark.

"How's that?" asked Martin.

"I want a place," said Mark.

"I am sorry for you," said Martin.

"—To attend upon a single gentleman," resumed Mark. "If from the country, the more desirable. Make-shifts would be preferred. Wages no object."

He said this so pointedly, that Martin stopped in his eating, and said:

"If you mean me—"

"Yes, I do, sir," interposed Mark.

"Then you may judge from my style of living here, of my means of keeping a man-servant. Besides, I am going to America immediately."

"Well, sir," returned Mark, quite unmoved by this intelligence, "from all that ever I heard about it, I should say America's a very likely sort of place for me to be jolly in!"

Again Martin looked at him angrily; and again his anger melted away in spite of himself.

"Lord bless you, sir," said Mark, "what is the use of us a going round and round, and hiding behind the corner, and dodging up and down, when we can come straight to the point in six words! I've had my eye upon you any time this fortnight. I see well enough that there's a screw loose in your affairs. I know'd well enough the first

time I see you down at the Dragon that it must be so, sooner or later. Now, sir, here am I, without a situation ; without any want of wages for a year to come ; for I saved up (I didn't mean to do it, but I couldn't help it) at the Dragon—here am I with a liking for what's wenteresome, and a liking for you, and a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down : and will you take me, or will you leave me ? ”

“ How can I take you ? ” cried Martin.

“ When I say take,” rejoined Mark, “ I mean will you let me go ? and when I say will you let me go, I mean will you let me go along with you ? for go I will, somehow or another. Now that you've said America, I see clear at once, that that's the place for me to be jolly in. Therefore, if I don't pay my own passage in the ship you go in, sir, I'll pay my own passage in another. And mark my words, if I go alone it shall be, to carry out the principle, in the rottenest, craziest, leakingest tub of a vessel that a place can be got in for love or money. So if I'm lost upon the way, sir, there'll be a drowned man at your door—and always a knocking double knocks at it, too, or never trust me ! ”

“ This is mere folly,” said Martin.

“ Very good, sir,” returned Mark. “ I'm glad to hear it, because if you don't mean to let me go, you'll be more comfortable, perhaps, on account of thinking so. Therefore I contradict no gentleman. But all I say is, that if I don't emigrate to America in that case, in the beastliest, old cockleshell as goes out of port, I'm —— ”

“ You don't mean what you say, I'm sure ? ” said Martin.

“ Yes I do,” cried Mark.

“ I tell you I know better,” rejoined Martin.

“ Very good, sir,” said Mark, with the same air of perfect satisfaction. “ Let it stand that way at present, sir, and wait and see how it turns out. Why, love my heart alive ! the only doubt I have is, whether there's any credit in going with a gentleman like you, that's as certain to make his way there as a gimblet is to go through soft deal.”

This was touching Martin on his weak point, and having him at a great advantage. He could not help thinking, either, what a brisk fellow this Mark was, and how great a change he had wrought in the atmosphere of the dismal little room already.

“ Why, certainly, Mark,” he said, “ I have hopes of doing well there, or I shouldn't go. I may have the qualifications for doing well, perhaps.”

“ Of course you have, sir,” returned Mark Tapley. “ Everybody knows that.”

“ You see,” said Martin, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking at the fire, “ ornamental architecture applied to domestic purposes, can hardly fail to be in great request in that country ; for men are constantly changing their residences there, and moving further off ; and it's clear they must have houses to live in.”

“ I should say, sir,” observed Mark, “ that that's a state of things as opens one of the jolliest look-outs for domestic architecture that ever I heerd tell on.”

Martin glanced at him hastily, not feeling quite free from a suspicion



that this remark implied a doubt of the successful issue of his plans. But Mr. Tapley was eating the boiled beef and bread with such entire good faith and singleness of purpose expressed in his visage, that he could not but be satisfied. Another doubt arose in his mind, however, as this one disappeared. He produced the blank cover in which the note had been enclosed, and fixing his eyes on Mark as he put it in his hands, said,

"Now tell me the truth. Do you know anything about that?"

Mark turned it over and over; held it near his eyes; held it away from him at arm's length; held it with the superscription upwards, and with the superscription downwards; and shook his head with such a genuine expression of astonishment at being asked the question, that Martin said, as he took it from him again:

"No, I see you don't. How should you! Though, indeed, your knowing about it would not be more extraordinary than its being here. Come, Tapley," he added, after a moment's thought, "I'll trust you with my history, such as it is, and then you'll see, more clearly, what sort of fortunes you would link yourself to, if you followed me."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mark; "but afore you enter upon it, will you take me if I choose to go? Will you turn off me—Mark Tapley—formerly of the Blue Dragon, as can be well recommended by Mr. Pinch, and as wants a gentleman of your strength of mind to look up to; or will you, in climbing the ladder as you're certain to get to the top of, take me along with you at a respectful distance? Now, sir," said Mark, "it's of very little importance to you, I know—there's the difficulty; but it's of very great importance to me; and will you be so good as to consider of it?"

If this were meant as a second appeal to Martin's weak side, founded on his observation of the effect of the first, Mr. Tapley was a skilful and shrewd observer. Whether an intentional or an accidental shot, it hit the mark full; for Martin, relenting more and more, said, with a condescension which was inexpressibly delicious to him, after his recent humiliation:

"We'll see about it, Tapley. You shall tell me in what disposition you find yourself to-morrow."

"Then, sir," said Mark, rubbing his hands, "the job's done. Go on, sir, if you please. I'm all attention."

Throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and looking at the fire, with now and then a glance at Mark, who at such times nodded his head sagely, to express his profound interest and attention; Martin ran over the chief points in his history, to the same effect as he had related them, weeks before, to Mr. Pinch. But he adapted them, according to the best of his judgment, to Mr. Tapley's comprehension; and with that view made as light of his love affair as he could, and referred to it in very few words. But here he reckoned without his host; for Mark's interest was keenest in this part of the business, and prompted him to ask sundry questions in relation to it; for which he apologised as one in some measure privileged to do so, from having seen (as Martin explained to him) the young lady at the Blue Dragon.

"And a young lady as any gentleman ought to feel more proud of being in love with," said Mark, energetically, "don't draw breath."

"Aye! You saw her when she was not happy," said Martin, gazing at the fire again. "If you had seen her in the old times, indeed—"

"Why, she certainly was a little down-hearted, sir, and something paler in her colour than I could have wished," said Mark, "but none the worse in her looks for that. I think she seemed better, sir, after she come to London."

Martin withdrew his eyes from the fire; stared at Mark as if he thought he had suddenly gone mad; and asked him what he meant.

"No offence intended, sir," urged Mark. "I don't mean to say she was any the happier, without you; but I thought she was a looking better, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me she has been in London?" asked Martin, rising hurriedly, and pushing back his chair.

"Of course I do," said Mark, rising too, in great amazement, from the bedstead.

"Do you mean to tell me she's in London now?"

"Most likely, sir. I mean to say she was, a week ago."

"And you know where?"

"Yes!" cried Mark. "What! Don't you?"

"My good fellow!" exclaimed Martin, clutching him by both arms, "I have never seen her since I left my grandfather's house."

"Why then!" cried Mark, giving the little table such a blow with his clenched fist that the slices of beef and ham danced upon it, while all his features seemed, with delight, to be going up into his forehead, and never coming back again any more, "if I an't your nat'ral born servant, hired by Fate, there an't such a thing in natur' as a Blue Dragon. What! when I was a rambling up and down a old churchyard in the city, getting myself into a jolly state, didn't I see your grandfather a toddling to and fro for pretty nigh a mortal hour! Didn't I watch him into Codgers's commercial boarding-house, and watch him out, and watch him home to his hotel, and go and tell him as his was the service for my money, and I had said so, afore I left the Dragon! Wasn't the young lady a sitting with him then, and didn't she fall a laughing in a manner as was beautiful to see! Didn't your grandfather say, 'Come back again next week;' and didn't I go next week; and didn't he say that he couldn't make up his mind to trust nobody no more, and therefore wouldn't engage me; but at the same time stood something to drink as was handsome! Why," cried Mr. Tapley, with a comical mixture of delight and chagrin, "where's the credit of a man's being jolly under such circumstances! who could help it, when things come about like this!"

For some moments, Martin stood gazing at him, as if he really doubted the evidence of his senses, and could not believe that Mark stood there, in the body, before him. At length he asked him whether, if the young lady were still in London, he thought he could contrive to deliver a letter to her secretly.

"Do I think I can!" cried Mark. "*Think* I can! Here, sit down, sir. Write it out, sir!"



With that he cleared the table by the summary process of tilting everything upon it into the fire-place ; snatched some writing materials from the mantel-shelf ; set Martin's chair before them ; forced him down into it ; dipped a pen into the ink ; and put it in his hand.

"Cut away, sir !" cried Mark. "Make it strong, sir. Let it be very pointed, sir. Do I think so ? *I* should think so. Go to work, sir !"

Martin required no further adjuration, but went to work at a great rate ; while Mr. Tapley, installing himself without any more formalities into the functions of his valet and general attendant, divested himself of his coat, and went on to clear the fireplace and arrange the room : talking to himself in a low voice the whole time.

"Jolly sort of lodgings," said Mark, rubbing his nose with the knob at the end of the fire-shovel, and looking round the poor chamber : "that's a comfort. The rain's come through the roof too. That an't bad. A lively old bedstead, I'll be bound ; popiloted by lots of wampires, no doubt. Come ! my spirits is a getting up again. An uncommon ragged nightcap this. A very good sign. We shall do yet ! Here Jane, my dear," calling down the stairs, "bring up that there hot tumbler for my master, as was a mixing when I come in. That's right, sir," to Martin. "Go at it as if you meant it, sir. Be very tender, sir, if you please. You can't make it too strong, sir !"

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH MARTIN BIDS ADIEU TO THE LADY OF HIS LOVE ; AND HONORS AN OBSCURE INDIVIDUAL WHOSE FORTUNE HE INTENDS TO MAKE, BY COMMENDING HER TO HIS PROTECTION.

THE letter being duly signed, sealed, and delivered, was handed to Mark Tapley, for immediate conveyance if possible. And he succeeded so well in his embassy as to be enabled to return that same night, just as the house was closing : with the welcome intelligence that he had sent it up stairs to the young lady, enclosed in a small manuscript of his own, purporting to contain his further petition to be engaged in Mr. Chuzzlewit's service ; and that she had herself come down and told him, in great haste and agitation, that she would meet the gentleman at eight o'clock to-morrow morning in St. James's Park. It was then agreed between the new master and the new man, that Mark should be in waiting near the hotel in good time, to escort the young lady to the place of appointment ; and when they had parted for the night with this understanding, Martin took up his pen again ; and before he went to bed wrote another letter, whereof more will be seen presently.

He was up before day-break, and came upon the Park with the morning, which was clad in the least engaging of the three hundred and sixty-five dresses in the wardrobe of the year. It was raw, damp, dark, and dismal ; the clouds were as muddy as the ground ; and the

short perspective of every street and avenue, was closed up by the mist as by a filthy curtain.

"Fine weather indeed," Martin bitterly soliloquized, "to be wandering up and down here in, like a thief! Fine weather indeed, for a meeting of lovers in the open air, and in a public walk! I need be departing, with all speed, for another country; for I have come to a pretty pass in this!"

He might perhaps have gone on to reflect that of all mornings in the year, it was not the best calculated for a young lady's coming forth on such an errand, either. But he was stopped on the road to this reflection, if his thoughts tended that way, by her appearance at a short distance, on which he hurried forward to meet her. Her squire, Mr. Tapley, at the same time fell discreetly back, and surveyed the fog above him with an appearance of attentive interest.

"My dear Martin!" said Mary.

"My dear Mary," said Martin; and lovers are such a singular kind of people that this is all they did say just then, though Martin took her arm, and her hand too, and they paced up and down a short walk that was least exposed to observation, half-a-dozen times.

"If you have changed at all, my love, since we parted," said Martin at length, as he looked upon her with a proud delight, "it is only to be more beautiful than ever!"

Had she been of the common metal of love-worn young ladies, she would have denied this in her most interesting manner; and would have told him that she knew she had become a perfect fright; or that she had wasted away with weeping and anxiety; or that she was dwindling gently into an early grave; or that her mental sufferings were unspeakable; or would either by tears or words, or a mixture of both, have furnished him with some other information to that effect, and made him as miserable as possible. But she had been reared up in a sterner school than the minds of most young girls are formed in; she had had her nature strengthened by the hands of hard endurance and necessity; had come out from her young trials constant, self-denying, earnest, and devoted; had acquired in her maidenhood—whether happily in the end, for herself or him, is foreign to our present purpose to inquire—something of that nobler quality of gentle hearts which is developed often by the sorrows and struggles of matronly years, but often by their lessons only. Unspoiled, unpampered in her joys or griefs; with frank, and full, and deep affection for the object of her early love; she saw in him one who for her sake was an outcast from his home and fortune, and she had no more idea of bestowing that love upon him in other than cheerful and sustaining words, full of high hope and grateful trustfulness, than she had of being unworthy of it, in her lightest thought or deed, for any base temptation that the world could offer.

"What change is there in *you*, Martin," she replied; "for that concerns me nearest? You look more anxious and more thoughtful than you used."

"Why as to that, my love," said Martin, as he drew her waist within



his arm, first looking round to see that there were no observers near, and beholding Mr. Tapley more intent than ever on the fog; "it would be strange if I did not; for my life—especially of late—has been a hard one."

"I know it must have been," she answered. "When have I forgotten to think of it and you?"

"Not often, I hope," said Martin. "Not often, I am sure. Not often, I have some right to expect, Mary; for I have undergone a great deal of vexation and privation, and I naturally look for that return, you know."

"A very, very poor return," she answered with a fainter smile. "But you have it, and will have it always. You have paid a dear price for a poor heart, Martin; but it is at least your own, and a true one."

"Of course I feel quite certain of that," said Martin, "or I shouldn't have put myself in my present position. And don't say a poor heart, Mary, for I say a rich one. Now, I am about to break a design to you, dearest, which will startle you at first, but which is undertaken for your sake. I am going," he added slowly, looking far into the deep wonder of her bright dark eyes, "abroad."

"Abroad, Martin!"

"Only to America. See now—how you droop directly!"

"If I do, or, I hope I may say, if I did," she answered, raising her head after a short silence, and looking once more into his face, "it was for grief to think of what you are resolved to undergo for me. I would not venture to dissuade you, Martin; but it is a long, long distance; there is a wide ocean to be crossed; illness and want are sad calamities in any place, but in a foreign country dreadful to endure. Have you thought of all this?"

"Thought of it!" cried Martin, abating, in his fondness—and he *was* very fond of her—hardly an iota of his usual impetuosity. "What am I to do? It's very well to say, Have I thought of it? my love; but you should ask me in the same breath, have I thought of starving at home; have I thought of doing porter's work for a living; have I thought of holding horses in the streets to earn my roll of bread from day to day? Come, come," he added, in a gentler tone, "do not hang down your head, my dear, for I need the encouragement that your sweet face alone can give me. Why, that's well! Now you are brave again."

"I am endeavouring to be," she answered, smiling through her tears.

"Endavouring to be anything that's good, and being it, is, with you, all one. Don't I know that of old?" cried Martin, gaily. "So! That's famous! Now I can tell you all my plans as cheerfully as if you were my little wife already, Mary."

She hung more closely on his arm, and looking upward in his face, bade him speak on.

"You see," said Martin, playing with the little hand upon his wrist, "that my attempts to advance myself at home have been baffled and rendered abortive. I will not say by whom, Mary, for that would give pain to us both. But so it is. Have you heard him speak of late of any relative of mine or his, called Pecksniff? Only tell me what I ask you, no more."

"I have heard, to my surprise, that he is a better man than was supposed."

"I thought so," interrupted Martin.

"And that it is likely we may come to know him, if not to visit and reside with him and—I think—his daughters. He *has* daughters, has he, love?"

"A pair of them," Martin answered. "A precious pair! Gems of the first water!"

"Ah! You are jesting!"

"There is a sort of jesting which is very much in earnest, and includes some pretty serious disgust," said Martin. "I jest in reference to Mr. Pecksniff (at whose house I have been living as his assistant, and at whose hands I have received insult and injury), in that vein. Whatever betides, or however closely you may be brought into communication with his family, never forget that, Mary; and never for an instant, whatever appearances may seem to contradict me, lose sight of this assurance—Pecksniff is a scoundrel."

"Indeed!"

"In thought, and in deed, and in everything else. A scoundrel from the topmost hair of his head, to the nethermost atom of his heel. Of his daughters I will only say that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, they are dutiful young ladies, and take after their father, closely. This is a digression from the main point, and yet it brings me to what I was going to say."

He stopped to look into her eyes again, and seeing, in a hasty glance over his shoulder, that there was no one near, and that Mark was still intent upon the fog, not only looked at her lips too, but kissed them into the bargain.

"Now, I am going to America, with great prospects of doing well, and of returning home myself very soon; it may be to take you there for a few years, but, at all events, to claim you for my wife; which, after such trials, I should do with no fear of your still thinking it a duty to cleave to him who will not suffer me to live (for this is true), if he can help it, in my own land. How long I may be absent is, of course, uncertain; but it shall not be very long. Trust me for that."

"In the meantime, dear Martin——"

"That's the very thing I am coming to. In the meantime you shall hear, constantly, of all my goings-on. Thus."

He paused to take from his pocket the letter he had written overnight, and then resumed:

"In this fellow's employment, and living in this fellow's house, (by fellow, I mean Mr. Pecksniff, of course), there is a certain person of the name of Pinch—don't forget it; a poor, strange, simple oddity, Mary; but thoroughly honest and sincere; full of zeal; and with a cordial regard for me; which I mean to return one of these days, by setting him up in life in some way or other."

"Your old kind nature, Martin!"

"Oh!" said Martin, "that's not worth speaking of, my love. He's very grateful and desirous to serve me; and I am more than repaid. Now



one night I told this Pinch my history, and all about myself and you ; in which he was not a little interested, I can tell you, for he knows you ! Aye, you may look surprised—and the longer the better, for it becomes you—but you have heard him play the organ in the church of that village before now ; and he has seen you listening to his music ; and has caught his inspiration from you, too !”

“Was *he* the organist ?” cried Mary. “I thank him from my heart.”

“Yes he was,” said Martin, “and is, and gets nothing for it either. There never was such a simple fellow ! Quite an infant ! But a very good sort of creature, I assure you.”

“I am sure of that,” she said, with great earnestness. “He must be !”

“Oh, yes, no doubt at all about it,” rejoined Martin, in his usual careless way. “He is. Well ! It has occurred to me—but stay, if I read you what I have written and intend sending to him by post to-night, it will explain itself. ‘My dear Tom Pinch.’ That’s rather familiar, perhaps,” said Martin, suddenly remembering that he was proud when they had last met, “but I call him my dear Tom Pinch, because he likes it, and it pleases him.”

“Very right, and very kind,” said Mary.

“Exactly so !” cried Martin. “It’s as well to be kind whenever one can ; and, as I said before, he really is an excellent fellow. ‘My dear Tom Pinch,—I address this under cover to Mrs. Lupin, at the Blue Dragon, and have begged her in a short note to deliver it to you without saying anything about it elsewhere ; and to do the same with all future letters she may receive from me. My reason for so doing will be at once apparent to you.’ I don’t know that it will be, by the bye,” said Martin, breaking off, “for he’s slow of comprehension, poor fellow ; but he’ll find it out in time. My reason simply is, that I don’t want my letters to be read by other people ; and particularly by the scoundrel whom he thinks an angel.”

“Mr. Pecksniff again ?” asked Mary.

“The same,” said Martin : “—will be at once apparent to you. I have completed my arrangements for going to America ; and you will be surprised to hear that I am to be accompanied by Mark Tapley, upon whom I have stumbled strangely in London, and who insists on putting himself under my protection’—meaning, my love,” said Martin, breaking off again, “our friend in the rear, of course.”

She was delighted to hear this, and bestowed a kind glance upon Mark, which he brought his eyes down from the fog to encounter, and received with immense satisfaction. She said in his hearing, too, that he was a good soul and a merry creature, and would be faithful, she was certain ; commendations which Mr. Tapley inwardly resolved to deserve, from such lips, if he died for it.

“Now, my dear Pinch,” resumed Martin, proceeding with his letter ; “‘I am going to repose great trust in you, knowing that I may do so with perfect reliance on your honour and secrecy, and having nobody else just now to trust in.’”

“I don’t think I would say that, Martin.”

"Wouldn't you? Well! I'll take that out. It's perfectly true, though."

"But it might seem ungracious, perhaps."

"Oh, I don't mind Pinch," said Martin. "There's no occasion to stand on any ceremony with *him*. However, I'll take it out, as you wish it, and make the full stop 'at secrecy.' Very well! 'I shall not only'—this is the letter again, you know."

"I understand."

"I shall not only inclose my letters to the young lady of whom I have told you, to your charge, to be forwarded as she may request; but I most earnestly commit her, the young lady herself, to your care and regard, in the event of your meeting in my absence. I have reason to think that the probabilities of your encountering each other—perhaps very frequently—are now neither remote nor few; and although in your position you can do very little to lessen the uneasiness of hers, I trust to you implicitly to do that much, and so deserve the confidence I have reposed in you.' You see, my dear Mary," said Martin, "it will be a great consolation to you to have anybody, no matter how simple, with whom you can speak about ME; and the very first time you talk to Pinch, you'll feel at once, that there is no more occasion for any embarrassment or hesitation in talking to him, than if he were an old woman."

"However that may be," she returned, smiling, "he is your friend, and that is enough."

"Oh, yes, he's my friend," said Martin, "certainly. In fact, I have told him in so many words that we'll always take notice of him, and protect him: and it's a good trait in his character that he's grateful—very grateful indeed. You'll like him of all things, my love, I know. You'll observe very much that's comical and old-fashioned about Pinch, but you needn't mind laughing at him; for he'll not care about it. He'll rather like it, indeed!"

"I don't think I shall put that to the test, Martin."

"You won't if you can help it, of course," he said, "but I think you'll find him a little too much for your gravity. However that's neither here nor there, and it certainly is not the letter; which ends thus: 'Knowing that I need not impress the nature and extent of that confidence upon you at any greater length, as it is already sufficiently established in your mind, I will only say in bidding you farewell, and looking forward to our next meeting, that I shall charge myself from this time, through all changes for the better, with your advancement and happiness, as if they were my own. You may rely upon that. And always believe me, my dear Tom Pinch, faithfully your friend, Martin Chuzzlewit. P.S. I enclose the amount which you so kindly—Oh,'" said Martin, checking himself, and folding up the letter, "that's nothing!"

At this crisis Mark Tapley interposed, with an apology for remarking that the clock at the Horse Guards was striking.

"Which I shouldn't have said nothing about, sir," added Mark, "if the young lady hadn't begged me to be particular in mentioning it."



"I did," said Mary. "Thank you. You are quite right. In another minute I shall be ready to return. We have time for a very few words more, dear Martin, and although I had much to say, it must remain unsaid until the happy time of our next meeting. Heaven send it may come speedily and prosperously! But I have no fear of that."

"Fear!" cried Martin. "Why, who has? What are a few months? What is a whole year? When I come gaily back, with a road through life hewn out before me, then indeed, looking back upon this parting, it may seem a dismal one. But now! I swear I wouldn't have it happen under more favourable auspices, if I could: for then I should be less inclined to go, and less impressed with the necessity."

"Yes, yes. I feel that too. When do you go?"

"To-night. We leave for Liverpool to-night. A vessel sails from that port, as I hear, in three days. In a month, or less, we shall be there. Why, what's a month! How many months have flown by since our last parting!"

"Long to look back upon," said Mary, echoing his cheerful tone, "but nothing in their course!"

"Nothing at all!" cried Martin. "I shall have change of scene and change of place; change of people, change of manners, change of cares and hopes! Time will wear wings indeed! I can bear anything, so that I have swift action, Mary."

Was he thinking solely of her care for him, when he took so little heed of her share in the separation; of her quiet monotonous endurance, and her slow anxiety from day to day? Was there nothing jarring and discordant even in his tone of courage, with this one note self for ever audible, however high the strain? Not in her ears. It had been better otherwise, perhaps, but so it was. She heard the same bold spirit which had flung away as dross all gain and profit for her sake, making light of peril and privation that she might be calm and happy; and she heard no more. That heart where self has found no place and raised no throne, is slow to recognise its ugly presence when it looks upon it. As one possessed of an evil spirit was held in old time to be alone conscious of the lurking demon in the breasts of other men, so kindred vices know each other in their hiding-places every day, when Virtue is incredulous and blind.

"The quarter's gone!" cried Mr. Tapley, in a voice of admonition.

"I shall be ready to return immediately," she said. "One thing, dear Martin, I am bound to tell you. You intreated me a few minutes since only to answer what you asked me in reference to one theme, but you should and must know—otherwise I could not be at ease—that since that separation of which I was the unhappy occasion, he has never once uttered your name; has never coupled it, or any faint allusion to it, with passion or reproach; and has never abated in his kindness to me."

"I thank him for that last act," said Martin, "and for nothing else. Though on consideration I may thank him for his other forbearance also, inasmuch as I neither expect nor desire that he will mention my name again. He may once, perhaps—to couple it with reproach—in his will.

Let him, if he please! By the time it reaches me, he will be in his grave: a satire on his own anger, God help him!"

"Martin! If you would but sometimes, in some quiet hour; beside the winter fire; in the summer air; when you hear gentle music, or think of Death, or Home, or Childhood; if you would at such a season resolve to think, but once a month, or even once a year, of him, or any one who ever wronged you, you would forgive him in your heart, I know!"

"If I believed that to be true, Mary," he replied, "I would resolve at no such time to bear him in my mind: wishing to spare myself the shame of such a weakness. I was not born to be the toy and puppet of any man, far less his; to whose pleasure and caprice, in return for any good he did me, my whole youth was sacrificed. It became between us two a fair exchange—a barter—and no more: and there is no such balance against me that I need throw in a mawkish forgiveness to poise the scale. He has forbidden all mention of me to you, I know," he added hastily. "Come! Has he not?"

"That was long ago," she returned; "immediately after your parting; before you had left the house. He has never done so since."

"He has never done so since, because he has seen no occasion," said Martin; "but that is of little consequence, one way or other. Let all allusion to him between you and me be interdicted from this time forth. And therefore, love—" he drew her quickly to him, for the time of parting had now come—"in the first letter that you write to me through the Post-office, addressed to New York; and in all the others that you send through Pinch; remember he has no existence, but has become to us as one who is dead. Now, God bless you! This is a strange place for such a meeting and such a parting; but our next meeting shall be in a better, and our next and last parting in a worse."

"One other question, Martin, I must ask. Have you provided money for this journey?"

"Have I?" cried Martin; it might have been in his pride; it might have been in his desire to set her mind at ease: "Have I provided money? Why, there's a question for an emigrant's wife! How could I move on land or sea without it, love?"

"I mean, enough."

"Enough! More than enough. Twenty times more than enough. A pocket-full. Mark and I, for all essential ends, are quite as rich as if we had the purse of Fortunatus in our baggage."

"The half-hour's a going!" cried Mr. Tapley.

"Good bye a hundred times!" cried Mary, in a trembling voice.

But how cold the comfort in Good bye! Mark Tapley knew it perfectly. Perhaps he knew it from his reading, perhaps from his experience, perhaps from intuition. It is impossible to say; but however he knew it, his knowledge instinctively suggested to him the wisest course of proceeding that any man could have adopted under the circumstances. He was taken with a violent fit of sneezing, and was obliged to turn his head another way. In doing which, he, in a manner, fenced and screened the lovers into a corner by themselves.

There was a short pause, but Mark had an undefined sensation that



it was a satisfactory one in its way. Then Mary, with her veil lowered, passed him with a quick step, and beckoned him to follow. She stopped once more before they lost that corner; looked back; and waved her hand to Martin. He made a start towards them at the moment as if he had some other farewell words to say; but she only hurried off the faster, and Mr. Tapley followed as in duty bound.

When he rejoined Martin again in his own chamber, he found that gentleman seated moodily before the dusty grate, with his two feet on the fender, his two elbows on his knees, and his chin supported, in a not very ornamental manner, on the palms of his hands.

"Well, Mark?"

"Well, sir," said Mark, taking a long breath, "I see the young lady safe home, and I feel pretty comfortable after it. She sent a lot of kind words, sir, and this," handing him a ring, "for a parting keepsake."

"Diamonds!" said Martin, kissing it—let us do him justice, it was for her sake; not for theirs—and putting it on his little finger. "Splendid diamonds. My grandfather is a singular character, Mark. He must have given her this, now."

Mark Tapley knew as well that she had bought it, to the end that that unconscious speaker might carry some article of sterling value with him in his necessity; as he knew that it was day, and not night. Though he had no more acquaintance of his own knowledge with the history of the glittering trinket on Martin's outspread finger, than Martin himself had, he was as certain that in its purchase she had expended her whole stock of hoarded money, as if he had seen it paid down coin by coin. Her lover's strange obtuseness in relation to this little incident, promptly suggested to Mark's mind its real cause and root; and from that moment he had a clear and perfect insight into the one absorbing principle of Martin's character.

"She is worthy of the sacrifices I have made," said Martin, folding his arms, and looking at the ashes in the stove, as if in resumption of some former thoughts. "Well worthy of them. No riches,"—here he stroked his chin, and mused—"could have compensated for the loss of such a nature. Not to mention that in gaining her affection, I have followed the bent of my own wishes, and baulked the selfish schemes of others who had no right to form them. She is quite worthy—more than worthy—of the sacrifices I have made. Yes, she is. No doubt of it."

These ruminations might or might not have reached Mark Tapley; for though they were by no means addressed to him, yet they were softly uttered. In any case, he stood there, watching Martin, with an indescribable and most involved expression on his visage, until that young man roused himself and looked towards him; when he turned away as being suddenly intent on certain preparations for the journey, and, without giving vent to any articulate sound, smiled with surpassing ghastliness, and seemed by a twist of his features and a motion of his lips, to release himself of this word:

"Jolly!"

## CHAPTER XV.

THE BURDEN WHEREOF, IS HAIL COLUMBIA !

A DARK and dreary night ; people nestling in their beds or circling late about the fire ; Want, colder than Charity, shivering at the street corners ; church-towers humming with the faint vibration of their own tongues, but newly resting from the ghostly preachment 'One !' The earth covered with a sable pall as for the burial of yesterday ; the clumps of dark trees, its giant plumes of funeral feathers waving sadly to and fro : all hushed, all noiseless, and in deep repose, save the swift clouds that skim across the moon, and the cautious wind, as, creeping after them upon the ground, it stops to listen, and goes rustling on, and stops again, and follows, like a savage on the trail.

Whither go the clouds and wind, so eagerly ? If like guilty spirits they repair to some dread conference with powers like themselves, in what wild region do the elements hold council, or where unbend in terrible disport ?

Here ! Free from that cramped prison called the earth, and out upon the waste of waters. Here, roaring, raging, shrieking, howling, all night long. Hither come the sounding voices from the caverns on the coast of that small island, sleeping a thousand miles away so quietly in the midst of angry waves ; and hither, to meet them, rush the blasts from unknown desert places of the world. Here in the fury of their unchecked liberty, they storm and buffet with each other, until the sea, lashed into passion like their own, leaps up in ravings mightier than theirs, and the whole scene is whirling madness.

On, on, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll the long heaving billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet are not ; for what is now the one, is now the other ; then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water. Pursuit, and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and savage struggle, ending in a spouting-up of foam that whitens the black night ; incessant change of place, and form, and hue ; constancy in nothing, but eternal strife ; on, on, on, they roll, and darker grows the night, and louder howl the winds, and more clamorous and fierce become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm "A ship !"

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain ; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea as hiding for the moment from its fury ; and every storm-voice in the air and water, cries more loudly yet, "A ship !"

Still she comes striving on : and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look ; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break ; and round her surge and roar ; and giving place



to others, moaningly depart, and dash themselves to fragments in their baffled anger : still she comes onward bravely. And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep : as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

Among these sleeping voyagers were Martin and Mark Tapley, who, rocked into a heavy drowsiness by the unaccustomed motion, were as insensible to the foul air in which they lay, as to the uproar without. It was broad day, when the latter awoke with a dim idea that he was dreaming of having gone to sleep in a four-post bedstead which had turned bottom upwards in the course of the night. There was more reason in this too, than in the roasting of eggs ; for the first objects Mr. Tapley recognised when he opened his eyes were his own heels—looking down at him, as he afterwards observed, from a nearly perpendicular elevation.

"Well!" said Mark, getting himself into a sitting posture, after various ineffectual struggles with the rolling of the ship. "This is the first time as ever I stood on my head all night."

"You shouldn't go to sleep upon the ground with your head to leeward, then," growled a man in one of the berths.

"With my head to *where*?" asked Mark.

The man repeated his previous sentiment.

"No, I won't another time," said Mark, "when I know whereabouts on the map that country is. In the meanwhile I can give you a better piece of advice. Don't you nor any other friend of mine ever go to sleep with his head in a ship, any more."

The man gave a grunt of discontented acquiescence, turned over in his berth, and drew his blanket over his head.

"—For," said Mr. Tapley, pursuing the theme by way of soliloquy, in a low tone of voice ; "the sea is as nonsensical a thing as anything going. It never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind, and is always in a state of vacancy. Like them Polar bears in the wild-beast-shows as is constantly a nodding their heads from side to side, it never *can* be quiet. Which is entirely owing to its uncommon stupidity."

"Is that you, Mark?" asked a faint voice from another berth.

"It's as much of me as is left, sir, after a fortnight of this work," Mr. Tapley replied. "What with leading the life of a fly ever since I've been aboard—for I've been perpetually holding-on to something or other, in a upside-down position—what with that, sir, and putting a very little into myself, and taking a good deal out in various ways, there an't too much of me to swear by. How do *you* find yourself this morning, sir?"

"Very miserable," said Martin, with a peevish groan. "Ugh! This is wretched, indeed!"

"Creditable," muttered Mark, pressing one hand upon his aching head, and looking round him with a rueful grin. "That's the great

comfort. It is creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's its own reward. So's jollity."

Mark was so far right, that unquestionably any man who retained his cheerfulness among the steerage accommodations of that noble and fast sailing line of packet-ship, "The Screw," was solely indebted to his own resources, and shipped his good humour, like his provisions, without any contribution or assistance from the owners. A dark, low, stifling cabin, surrounded by berths all filled to overflowing with men, women, and children, in various stages of sickness and misery, is not the liveliest place of assembly at any time; but when it is so crowded (as the steerage cabin of the "Screw" was, every passage out), that mattresses and beds are heaped upon the floor, to the extinction of everything like comfort, cleanliness, and decency, it is liable to operate not only as a pretty strong barrier against amiability of temper, but as a positive encourager of selfish and rough humours. Mark felt this, as he sat looking about him; and his spirits rose proportionately.

There were English people, Irish people, Welsh people, and Scotch people there; all with their little store of coarse food and shabby clothes; and nearly all, with their families of children. There were children of all ages; from the baby at the breast, to the slattern-girl who was as much a grown woman as her mother. Every kind of domestic suffering that is bred in poverty, illness, banishment, sorrow, and long travel in bad weather, was crammed into the little space; and yet was there infinitely less of complaint and querulousness, and infinitely more of mutual assistance and general kindness to be found in that unwholesome ark, than in many brilliant ball-rooms.

Mark looked about him wistfully, and his face brightened as he looked. Here an old grandmother was crooning over a sick child, and rocking it to and fro, in arms hardly more wasted than its own young limbs; here a poor woman with an infant in her lap, mended another little creature's clothes, and quieted another who was creeping up about her from their scanty bed upon the floor. Here were old men awkwardly engaged in little household offices, wherein they would have been ridiculous but for their good-will and kind purpose; and here were swarthy fellows—giants in their way—doing such little acts of tenderness for those about them, as might have belonged to gentlest-hearted dwarfs. The very idiot in the corner who sat mowing there, all day, had his faculty of imitation roused by what he saw about him; and snapped his fingers, to amuse a crying child.

"Now, then," said Mark, nodding to a woman who was dressing her three children at no great distance from him—and the grin upon his face had by this time spread from ear to ear—"Hand over one of them young uns according to custom."

"I wish you'd get breakfast, Mark, instead of worrying with people who don't belong to you," observed Martin, petulantly.

"All right," said Mark. "*She'll* do that. It's a fair division of labour, sir. I wash her boys, and she makes our tea. I never *could* make tea, but any one can wash a boy."

The woman, who was delicate and ill, felt and understood his kindness, as well she might, for she had been covered every night with his



greatcoat, while he had had for his own bed the bare boards and a rug. But Martin, who seldom got up or looked about him, was quite incensed by the folly of this speech, and expressed his dissatisfaction, by an impatient groan.

"So it is, certainly," said Mark, brushing the child's hair as coolly as if he had been born and bred a barber.

"What are you talking about, now?" asked Martin.

"What you said," replied Mark; "or what you meant, when you gave that there dismal vent to your feelings. I quite go along with it, sir. It is very hard upon her."

"What is?"

"Making the voyage by herself along with these young impediments here, and going such a way at such a time of year to join her husband. If you don't want to be driven mad with yellow soap in your eye, young man," said Mr. Tapley to the second urchin, who was by this time under his hands at the basin, "you'd better shut it."

"Where does she join her husband?" asked Martin, yawning.

"Why, I'm very much afraid," said Mr. Tapley, in a low voice, "that she don't know. I hope she mayn't miss him. But she sent her last letter by hand, and it don't seem to have been very clearly understood between 'em without it, and if she don't see him a waving his pocket-handkerchief on the shore, like a picter out of a song-book, my opinion is, she'll break her heart."

"Why, how, in Folly's name, does the woman come to be on board ship on such a wild-goose venture!" cried Martin.

Mr. Tapley glanced at him for a moment as he lay prostrate in his berth, and then said, very quietly,

"Ah! How, indeed! I can't think! He's been away from her for two year; she's been very poor and lonely in her own country; and has always been a looking forward to meeting him. It's very strange she should be here. Quite amazing! A little mad, perhaps! There can't be no other way of accounting for it."

Martin was too far gone in the lassitude of sea-sickness to make any reply to these words, or even to attend to them as they were spoken. And the subject of their discourse returning at this crisis with some hot tea, effectually put a stop to any resumption of the theme by Mr. Tapley; who, when the meal was over and he had adjusted Martin's bed, went up on deck to wash the breakfast service, which consisted of two half-pint tin mugs, and a shaving-pot of the same metal.

It is due to Mark Tapley to state, that he suffered at least as much from sea-sickness as any man, woman, or child, on board; and that he had a peculiar faculty of knocking himself about on the smallest provocation, and losing his legs at every lurch of the ship. But resolved, in his usual phrase, to "come out strong" under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the steerage, and made no more of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the very best and gayest of tempers to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world.

It cannot be said that as his illness wore off, his cheerfulness and

good-nature increased, because they would hardly admit of augmentation ; but his usefulness among the weaker members of the party was much enlarged ; and at all times and seasons there he was exerting it. If a gleam of sun shone out of the dark sky, down Mark tumbled into the cabin, and presently up he came again with a woman in his arms, or half-a-dozen children, or a man, or a bed, or a saucepan, or a basket, or something animate or inanimate, that he thought would be the better for the air. If an hour or two of fine weather in the middle of the day, tempted those who seldom or never came on deck at other times, to crawl into the long-boat, or lie down upon the spare spars, and try to eat, there in the centre of the group was Mr. Tapley, handing about salt beef and biscuit, or dispensing tastes of grog, or cutting up the children's provisions with his pocket-knife, for their greater ease and comfort, or reading aloud from a venerable newspaper, or singing some roaring old song to a select party, or writing the beginnings of letters to their friends at home for people who couldn't write, or cracking jokes with the crew, or nearly getting blown over the side, or emerging, half-drowned, from a shower of spray, or lending a hand somewhere or other : but always doing something for the general entertainment. At night, when the cooking-fire was lighted on the deck, and the driving sparks that flew among the rigging, and the cloud of sails, seemed to menace the ship with certain annihilation by fire, in case the elements of air and water failed to compass her destruction ; there again was Mr. Tapley, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves turned up to his elbows, doing all kinds of culinary offices ; compounding the strangest dishes ; recognised by every one as an established authority ; and helping all parties to achieve something, which left to themselves, they never could have done, and never would have dreamed of. In short, there never was a more popular character than Mark Tapley became on board that noble and fast-sailing line-of-packet ship, the *Screw* ; and he attained at last to such a pitch of universal admiration, that he began to have grave doubts within himself whether a man might reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances.

"If this was going to last," said Mr. Tapley, "there'd be no great difference as I can perceive, between the *Screw* and the *Dragon*. I never *am* to get any credit, I think. I begin to be afraid that the Fates is determined to make the world easy to me."

"Well, Mark," said Martin, near whose berth he had ruminated to this effect. "When will this be over?"

"Another week, they say, sir," returned Mark, "will most likely bring us into port. The ship's going along at present, as sensible as a ship can, sir ; though I don't mean to say as that's any very high praise."

"I don't think it is, indeed," groaned Martin.

"You'd feel all the better for it, sir, if you was to turn out," observed Mark.

"And be seen by the ladies and gentlemen on the after-deck," returned Martin, with a scornful emphasis upon the words, "mingling with the beggarly crowd that are stowed away in this vile hole. I should be greatly the better for that, no doubt !"



"I'm thankful that I can't say from my own experience what the feelings of a gentleman may be," said Mark, "but I should have thought, sir, as a gentleman would feel a deal more uncomfortable down here, than up in the fresh air, especially when the ladies and gentlemen in the after-cabin know just as much about him, as he does about them, and are likely to trouble their heads about him in the same proportion. I should have thought that, certainly."

"I tell you, then," rejoined Martin, "you would have thought wrong, and do think wrong."

"Very likely, sir," said Mark, with imperturbable good temper. "I often do."

"As to lying here," cried Martin, raising himself on his elbow, and looking angrily at his follower. "Do you suppose it's a pleasure to lie here?"

"All the madhouses in the world," said Mr. Tapley, "couldn't produce such a maniac as the man must be who could think that."

"Then why are you for ever goading and urging me to get up?" asked Martin. "I lie here because I don't wish to be recognised in the better days to which I aspire, by any purse-proud citizen, as the man who came over with him among the steerage passengers. I lie here, because I wish to conceal my circumstances and myself, and not to arrive in a new world badged and ticketed as an utterly poverty-stricken man. If I could have afforded a passage in the after-cabin, I should have held up my head with the rest. As I couldn't, I hide it. Do you understand that?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Mark. "I didn't know you took it so much to heart as this comes to."

"Of course you didn't know," returned his master. "How should you know, unless I told you? It's no trial to *you*, Mark, to make yourself comfortable and to bustle about. It's as natural for you to do so under the circumstances as it is for me not to do so. Why, you don't suppose there is a living creature in this ship who can by possibility have half so much to undergo on board of her as *I* have? Do you?" he asked, sitting upright in his berth and looking at Mark, with an expression of great earnestness not unmingled with wonder.

Mark twisted his face into a tight knot, and with his head very much on one side pondered upon this question as if he felt it an extremely difficult one to answer. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Martin himself, who said, as he stretched himself upon his back again and resumed the book he had been reading:

"But what is the use of my putting such a case to you, when the very essence of what I have been saying, is, that you cannot by possibility understand it! Make me a little brandy-and-water—cold and very weak—and give me a biscuit, and tell your friend, who is a nearer neighbour of ours than I could wish, to try and keep her children a little quieter to-night than she did last night, that's a good fellow."

Mr. Tapley set himself to obey these orders with great alacrity, and pending their execution, it may be presumed his flagging spirits revived: inasmuch as he several times observed, below his breath, that in respect of its power of imparting a credit to jollity, the Screw unquestionably had some decided advantages over the Dragon. He also remarked, that it

was a high gratification to him to reflect that he would carry its main excellence ashore with him, and have it constantly beside him wherever he went ; but what he meant by these consolatory thoughts he did not explain.

And now a general excitement began to prevail on board ; and various predictions relative to the precise day, and even the precise hour at which they would reach New York, were freely broached. There was infinitely more crowding on deck and looking over the ship's side than there had been before ; and an epidemic broke out for packing up things every morning, which required unpacking again every night. Those who had any letters to deliver, or any friends to meet, or any settled plans of going anywhere or doing anything, discussed their prospects a hundred times a day ; and as this class of passengers was very small, and the number of those who had no prospects whatever was very large, there were plenty of listeners and few talkers. Those who had been ill all along got well now, and those who had been well got better. An American gentleman in the after-cabin, who had been wrapped up in fur and oilskin the whole passage, unexpectedly appeared in a very shiny, tall, black hat, and constantly overhauled a very little valise of pale leather, which contained his clothes, linen, brushes, shaving apparatus, books, trinkets, and other baggage. He likewise stuck his hands deep into his pockets, and walked the deck with his nostrils dilated, as already inhaling the air of Freedom which carries death to all tyrants, and can never (under any circumstances worth mentioning) be breathed by slaves. An English gentleman who was strongly suspected of having run away from a bank, with something in his possession belonging to its strong-box besides the key, grew eloquent upon the subject of the rights of man, and hummed the Marseillaise Hymn constantly. In a word, one great sensation pervaded the whole ship, and the soil of America lay close before them : so close at last, that, upon a certain starlight night, they took a pilot on board, and within a few hours afterwards lay to until the morning, awaiting the arrival of a steam-boat in which the passengers were to be conveyed ashore.

Off she came, soon after it was light next morning, and, lying alongside an hour or more—during which period her very firemen were objects of hardly less interest and curiosity, than if they had been so many angels, good or bad—took all her living freight aboard. Among them, Mark, who still had his friend and her three children under his close protection ; and Martin, who had once more dressed himself in his usual attire, but wore a soiled, old cloak above his ordinary clothes, until such time as he should separate for ever from his late companions.

The steamer—which, with its machinery on deck, looked, as it worked its long slim legs, like some enormously magnified insect or antediluvian monster—dashed at great speed up a beautiful bay ; and presently they saw some heights, and islands, and a long, flat, straggling city.

“ And this,” said Mr. Tapley, looking far ahead, “ is the Land of Liberty, is it ? Very well. I'm agreeable. Any land will do for me, after so much water ! ”



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of  
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**HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.**

In its leading provisions **THE NATIONAL ART-UNION** resembles the **SOCIETIES** now in operation, and with which the Public are already familiar; *first*, in supplying an impression of a most costly Engraving for each Guinea subscribed; and *secondly*, in distributing Works of Art, the productions of British Artists, which will be appropriated in the usual manner of drawing.

In the "**NATIONAL ART-UNION**," however, there are some peculiar features, upon the importance of which, as serious and valuable improvements, its projectors calculate for success.

They are as follow :—

*With reference to the Prints distributed,—one for each Guinea subscribed :*

1st, The Print is **DELIVERED** to the Subscriber *at the time his Subscription is paid*; thus removing one of the principal objections to existing Art-Unions, which have delayed the issue of one Print until long after another Print has become due; causing considerable disappointment and vexation by continual postponements.

2nd, As, at least, **THREE or FOUR** Engravings are submitted to the Subscribers, from which a choice may be made, for each Guinea subscribed;—and as these Engravings are varied as to subject and size, the Subscriber

is enabled to select a Print suitable to his taste : and not compelled, as in previously existing Societies, to accept a Print, the character of which may not be agreeable to him, or which does not possess sufficient merit as a work of art. *In short, he can ascertain the true worth of the Engraving before he becomes a Subscriber.*

3rd, The Prints issued by the NATIONAL ART-UNION are greatly superior to any that have been hitherto published by a Society. They are all *Line Engravings*; engraved in every instance by the most eminent of British Engravers, from the choicest works of the most famous of our British Painters; and the expenditure in their production has been at least *thrice* the amount paid by any existing similar Institution.

*With reference to the Prizes for distribution among the Subscribers:*

1st, The sum to be expended in the purchase of PRIZES,—Paintings, Drawings, Sculpture, and Proof Impressions of fine Prints,—shall amount to the FULL HALF of the total sum subscribed, exclusive of the Engravings distributed at the time of subscribing.

[No Painting, Drawing, or work in Sculpture can be selected as a Prize of less value than Twenty-five Guineas: but the smaller Prizes will consist of the finest Proofs of rare and costly Prints, which cannot but be considered more desirable acquisitions than inferior Pictures of small price.]

2d, The plan of drawing the Prizes will be precisely that adopted by the London Art-Union; and will take place **within the current year.**

3d, The Pictures which are to be purchased with the amount of the Prizes distributed by the Institution, may be selected and purchased, at the option of the Prize-holder, from any accredited Artist's Exhibition in the United Kingdom within Twelve Months after the Prizes have been declared. Thus the provincial Prize-holder will avoid the necessity of a journey to London, or the only alternative of selecting his Picture by deputy

4th, Any Prize-holder of Two-Hundred Pounds and upwards, who cannot select a Picture to his taste from the Exhibitions, will have the privilege of giving a commission to any Artist of his own selection, subject to the approval of a majority of the Committee. This arrangement will avoid the difficulty of which there has been a universal complaint, inasmuch as, in nearly every instance, Pictures of the highest merit are purchased previous to Exhibition.

5th, The number and value of the Prizes will depend upon the amount of Subscriptions, and will be determined by the Committee immediately on the Subscription Lists being closed.

6th, Should it come to the knowledge of the Committee that any private arrangement has taken place between a Prize-holder and an Artist, with a view to an improper appropriation of the whole or any part of the amount of a Prize, it will be forfeited, and awarded to some one of the Institutions for the benefit of decayed Artists; and should any Prize-holder select a Picture of less value than the amount of his Prize, the sum so unexpended shall be applied to the same purpose.

7th, No Picture, Drawing, or work in Sculpture, shall be selected by a Prize-holder, the price of which has not been left, previous to the opening of the Exhibition wherein it is exhibited, with the Clerk or Secretary, or proper person appointed to make such price public; and any reservation for Copyright or otherwise, which may make the price doubtful, shall render it ineligible for selection.



*Prints for Delivery to Subscribers of the current Year.*

**I. ANCIENT ITALY,** (One Guinea.)

PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.; ENGRAVED BY J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A.

**II. MODERN ITALY,** (One Guinea.)

PAINTED BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.; ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

**III. & IV. (The Pair to each Subscriber of One Guinea.)**

**THE LATTICE. | THE MASK.**

PAINTED BY E. LANDSEER, R.A.; ENGRAVED BY J. H. ROBINSON.

The drawing of the Prizes will take place in London, and Subscribers will be invited to attend. The proceedings will be conducted under the superintendence of the Committee, and at least Twelve of the Town and Country Agents, who will represent the interests of the Subscribers.

RICHARD LLOYD, }  
J. L. GRUNDY, } *Secretaries.*

OFFICES—26, Soho Square, London,  
January, 1843.

*\*\* Specimens of the above Plates are on view at the OFFICES, 26, SOHO SQUARE,  
and at the Town and Country Agents, where the Prints are delivered  
immediately on payment of the Subscription.*

**OPINIONS OF THE LONDON PRESS.**

**FROM THE COURT GAZETTE.**

FINE ARTS.—It would be difficult to find words sufficiently strong to eulogize the two very beautiful works of high art, which we have but now returned from inspecting, at the "National Art Union," Offices in Soho-square. We perfectly agree with our contemporaries in considering the companion plates of the "Modern" and "Ancient Italy," equal, if not superior, to any engravings which have preceded them. It may be said, could any thing else be expected, when such a master of nature as Turner, the Academician, is selected to paint the subjects, and such men as Willmore and Miller, to engrave them? It is true, that three such names are seldom allied; and such an alliance could not fail to produce excellence. But there are proportions of excellence, and the highest scale has here been at-

tained,—a scale far beyond our expectations. We fearlessly prognosticate, that such works as these will do more good for the advancement of art and thereby for the improvement of the taste and the moral culture of the rising generation, than all the mass of self-styled and clap-trap works of art have done harm. It is impossible to look at such works without acknowledging, not alone their close adherence to the grand in nature, but the poetry and sentiment, which appeals as much to the ploughboy as to the most refined, and with the strongest language to all. Well might the "National Art Union" have given cause for jealousy among its rivals, when such engravings as these were known to be the means whereby its projectors by their choice exhibited their knowledge of art, and in giving such prints at once to their subscribers, evinced their honesty of

purpose. We cannot conclude these few remarks, without strenuously urging the public to do as we have done,—to judge for itself of the merits of this really novel and enterprising institution. We are happy to learn that numbers of subscribers are pouring in from all quarters, and those numbers no doubt will be increased by the patronage bestowed upon this Institution by a Prince, not only possessed of an innate love for art, but also a judgment and discernment equal to the greatest men of genius now living.

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#### FROM THE COURT JOURNAL.

NATIONAL ART-UNION.—The patrons and lovers of art in every part of the kingdom will be happy to learn that a new Art-Union is on the point of being established, similar to those already existing, in its general features, and identical with them in its object, but more comprehensive in its scope, embracing a wider range of locality, (as intimated by its title of "National,") and including new features, *which offer such manifest comparative advantages to its supporters over those of all other Art-Unions, that the result—if the promises held out by the new institution are realized—must compel them either to adopt similar arrangements, or veil their pretensions to those of their rival.* The first advantage the prospectus of the new society promises, or rather guarantees, is, that *no subscription will be demanded till the equivalent offered for it is ready to be presented to the subscriber.* This condition at once puts an end to those vexatious delays in the delivery of the prints subscribed for, which have so much offended subscribers, and injured the societies permitting them. Another advantage (also guaranteed) is, that subscribers will have a *choice of at least three or four prints for each guinea subscribed.* The other advantages are less specific, relating as they do to the *superior quality* of the print to be allotted. All the plates, it appears, are to be *in line.* In regard to the grand feature of the plans of existing Art-Unions, the *PRIZES* to be distributed among subscribers, in addition to their prints, we must refer to the very clear and specific prospectus of the "NATIONAL ART-UNION," wishing the society, in the mean time, all the success which a fulfilment of its promises will unquestionably deserve at the hands of the English public.

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#### FROM THE MORNING HERALD.

THE NATIONAL ART UNION.—In the advertising columns of to-day's *Herald* will be found the prospectus of another of these institutions which have already rendered so much service, not only to art and its professors, but to the public. Independently of the encouragement which they give to the former, the benefit is immense which they confer on the multitude. The love of pictures, whether painted or engraved, is a universal love ;

the least cultivated admire, and are at once attracted by them ; addressing themselves to the eye, they fix attention, awaken curiosity, excite comparison, and rouse the imagination. The representation of living or ideal objects is the oldest study in existence ; it is the popular language in which all can read something ; it is an open page, of which all can understand the general sense. But it is needless almost to say that, like every other study, the sense of enjoyment is quickened by cultivation, and that the closer we approach the object the finer becomes our appreciation of its qualities. This is eminently the case with works of art ; the oftener we come into contact with, and the more we examine them, the higher are our estimation and our pleasure. The principle of Art-Unions is now pretty generally understood. Those already in existence possess all of them features of great merit, *but we have met with none that offers such strong inducement and holds out such manifest advantages to subscribers as "The National Art-Union."* The points in which it differs from other societies speak at once in its favour. They are chiefly these. The subscriber receives his print at the time his moderate subscription of one guinea is paid—a great improvement on the system practised in general where the issue of the prints is frequently so much in arrear of the subscription. He has a *choice from at least three or four engravings for each guinea subscribed,* another advantage never offered before, and the *quality of the engravings is assured by the high character of the engravers employed.* His chances also of obtaining prizes are on a similar footing with that of other Art-Unions, and differing from them only in some satisfactory modifications.

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#### FROM THE GLOBE.

A prospectus for a National Art-Union is now before us, and which is deserving of notice, from the peculiar advantages it offers to its members, and the means whereby it purposes to encourage art, and to scatter a taste for good works throughout the country. As it would take up more space than we can afford to go fully into its merits—merits which are acknowledged by the most stirring and uninterested patrons of art, we must content ourselves by referring to the prospectus itself, which we perceive may be obtained at the offices of the institution, at 26, in *Soho-square.* We may add, *en passant,* that the intention of giving a print of a first class to each member upon *paying his guinea,* appears to be strongly commendatory of this national undertaking.

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#### FROM THE MORNING POST.

NATIONAL ART-UNION.—Art-Unions are at present in the ascendant, and as, in some respects, this is the monster-union of them all, and proposes



advantages which have hitherto been offered by none, it will perhaps be well to allude to its more prominent features. For the usual subscription, it, in the first place, offers the choice of two large prints from Turner, or, at option, a couple of smaller engravings after Edwin Landseer. As landscape engravings they are matchless. Divest Turner of that chance of absurdity which colour gives him, and he is a great enchanter,—using the wand of a wondrous skill, alike over the domains of poetry and reality,—tempering his light and shade with an atmosphere impossible to other painters, and grouping his objects with an incredible profusion and fecundity of pencil. To the first of these engravings he gives the name of *Ancient Italy*.—Claude never imagined a scene with a tithe of the beauty in management and feeling which has been crowded in this picture, and yet it was a picture which was once sneered at by men who believed themselves critics in art. Being unable to understand the painter, they professed to undervalue him. This has, however, now past. The farce of depreciating the greatest landscape painter who ever lived, because he occasionally makes a fool of himself, has long been put an end to. We have not in this instance at least, required death that we might comprehend genius. In the picture—the engraving from which, executed by Willmore, now lies before us—all Turner's highest characteristics are evident. The glory of the floating sunshine is swimming amongst arch and pillar, and *façade* and portico, which rise upon the left hand in a broad mass of luminous reality; while, bathing in a dim and misty loveliness, the sun sinks beyond the level river in which its ustre glitters on the edges of every ripple. In the front are vases, figures, and rich drapery; and we may congratulate Mr. Willmore on the excellent manner in which he has translated the rich colour that Turner scatters so gorgeously, yet with such admirable harmony, over his foregrounds. Nor is the engraving less exquisite throughout. It is full of colour and variety, while the *finesse* with which the dark shadows of the middle distance to the left of the engraving are executed, is splendidly artistic. The second plate, which is called *Modern Italy*, has been intrusted to Miller, and is only inferior in subject to its companion. The dream-like beauty of the floating river, and the broad vastness of the country, which stretches into the far distance under the azure sky, as it melts away towards the extreme hills, are executed with no common taste and power. We may also point out the leafy trees to the right of the plate as excellent specimens of honest line engraving. After all, there is nothing like the line. We detest the scraper and burnisher of mezzotint practice. As these engravings—unfinished proofs of which we have alone seen—are worth three or four times the amount of the subscription to the National Art-Union, the subscribers are at once

guaranteed against the possibility of loss, and put in possession of an engraving (at choice) of incomparably higher merit than any which have hitherto been offered by Art-Unions to their subscribers.

#### FROM THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Two splendid engravings have just been published by the "NATIONAL ART UNION," and dedicated to its patron, his Royal Highness Prince ALBERT. They are called *Ancient and Modern Italy*, engraved after two paintings so entitled, executed by Mr. Turner, R. A., in his very best style, before he fell into that indistinct mode of execution which frequently vitiates his works. The engravings are by Mr. Willmore, A. R. A., and Mr. W. Miller. They are executed in the finest style of line engraving, and convey, we have not the least doubt, for we have not seen the originals, all the spirit and intention of the painter.

The subjects of these plates are well conceived; they consist partly of landscape and partly of buildings, purely imaginative compositions in their arrangement, which embody the characteristics of ancient and modern Rome most effectively. We repeat that the beauties of the paintings seem to have been well preserved by the engravers, who display in these plates some of the finest capabilities of line engraving, and give us delicacy, combined with force and richness of colour. Of the two, we think that the plate of *Ancient Italy* is the best specimen of engraving.

The "National Art Union" is a new institution, for the encouragement of higher art than hitherto attempted, and in the judgment and taste here exhibited, we have an earnest of what may be expected in future from its promoters. An important and distinguishing feature in the undertaking is in the fact, that the engravings are given at the period of subscription to its members.

#### FROM THE STANDARD.

There are now exhibiting four very fine and undoubted first-class engravings, at the offices of the National Art Union. Two of these engravings, "*Ancient Italy*," and "*Modern Italy*," are from paintings by Mr. Turner, R. A.; and although some short time will yet be employed in their finish, a judge of art may at once perceive in them very rare beauties, and all the many exquisite peculiarities of that artist's unrestrained and imaginative genius. The objections to this painter's later works, in regard to colour, are removed when translated into black and white by the aid of the burin; and it is an extraordinary fact, well known to the connoisseur, that, despite the "vagaries" which have been so conspicuous upon the walls of the Royal Academy during the few last years, such works have invari-

ably made good engravings—a strong test that their principles are correct, whatever may be said of the garb in which the fancy of their author delights to dress them. The two engravers of the above are Mr. J. T. Willmore, and Mr. William Miller. The other two plates, termed “The Lattice,” and “The Mask,” are finished, and are from Edwin Landseer, R.A., and engraved in line by Mr. J. H. Robinson. These four engravings are for the purpose of following out one of the chief features of the National Art Union; which is, that *each member shall receive the plate to which he is entitled at the time he subscribes.* The same novelty will be introduced regarding the paintings selected as prizes. *There are many other advantages embodied in the Prospectus, which are intended to foster and encourage art, and to disseminate its beneficial influences over a wider space than as yet has been effected.*

#### FROM THE NEW MONTHLY.

A new Art-Union has been projected, and is on the point of being carried into effect, which, if it fulfil its promises, will in no slight degree interfere with the plan and prospects of those already flourishing throughout the country. In general plan it resembles those institutions which have set the example for it; but some of its details are such *rast and manifest improvements* as regards the interests of art itself, and *advantages as regards the subscribers* who are invited to support it, that we can scarcely suppose the case of its not meeting with ample encouragement from the public. Its leading attractions are, that it receives no subscriptions till it is prepared to offer the equivalent for them in return; and that instead of “Hobson’s choice” in regard to the print it assigns to each guinea subscribed, it presents a *choice of at least three, each of them thrice as costly* as those presented by any other Art-Union. The PRIZES are to consist in aggregate value of full half the amount of the money subscribed. Such are some of the new features of the “National Art-Union.” The public will no doubt support it.

#### FROM THE JOHN BULL.

An advertisement appears in our columns to-day of a new Society for the encouragement of painters and engravers, to be styled the “National Art-Union.” It has reached our hands too late for us to offer an opinion on its advantages compared with other Societies of the kind; but we observe that it holds out the novel, and what will doubtless prove the strong inducement of delivering the prints—and they are all to be line engravings of the finest description, at the time of the payment of the subscriptions. Another new feature is that a *choice of engravings* will be offered for each guinea subscribed. The undertaking is under the highest patronage.

#### FROM THE OBSERVER.

NATIONAL ART-UNION.—An improvement upon the existing Art-Unions is now engaging the earnest attention of the general body of artists, amongst whom there is a divided opinion as to the extent of good such an institution is likely to effect. The principal features of the new institution is in giving a first-class engraving at the moment of subscription, and the exhibition of British artists’ works intended as prizes previous to the year for which the members have paid. The former is a decided advantage upon the old plan, and will clearly prevent the possibility of dissatisfaction which has been too often exhibited where the plate, when finished, has not reached the expectation of the subscribers. *Four engravings, exquisite as works of art, are offered for the choice of the members, and if such may be taken as an earnest of what the National Art-Union proposes to do, much good will be effected by an unbounded dissemination of such fine examples of the British school.* Every new market which is opened for high art—taking for granted that that market be resorted to by the public—cannot be other than a benefit to artists.

#### FROM THE ARGUS.

THE NATIONAL ART UNION, 26, SOHO SQUARE.—We have heard so much of this establishment that we have been induced to pay a visit to the office, to examine more minutely into its merits, and particularly to ascertain in what particulars it differed from the great Society, which has diffused itself throughout the United Kingdom. The result of our enquiries is, that in all its leading features it closely resembles the societies now in operation; but differs in some of the details—1st. That an engraving will be delivered to each subscriber, *at the time his subscription is paid*, and three or four will be submitted from which to choose. 2nd. That they will be all *line engravings*, by those most eminent in the art; and that they will be selected from the choicest works of celebrated British painters.

For a further explanation of the very decided advantages offered by this Society, we refer our readers to their admirable prospectus, which may be obtained by application at the offices, No. 26, *Soho Square*. We are happy in strongly recommending this Society to the public, as one most deserving of its support and patronage.

#### FROM THE AGE.

NATIONAL ART UNION.—Our attention has been called to this Association, which has recently been brought before the public. The Prospectus has been issued, and we are free to confess that it holds out *first-rate advantages to the Subscribers.* We are not inclined at this moment to depreciate the merits of the “Art Union of London,” but we cannot help





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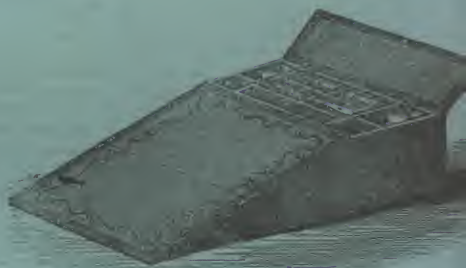
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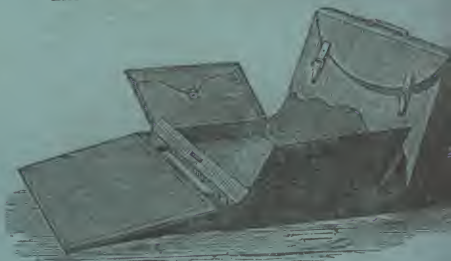
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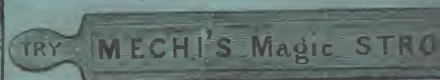
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